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BEHIND THE DOG AND GUN.

A Tale of American Field Sports.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

CHAPTER III.

WOODCOCK ON THE MISSISSIPPI BOTTOM.

Next morning a small skiff was winding up one of the numerous sloughs that intersect parts of the vast bottom lands of the Mississippi. On his knees at the bow was Melville plying a light cedar paddle; while Bolton, seated in the stern, was bungling through his first lesson with that indispensable instrument of a good hunting boat. Between them lay the dogs, each requiring an occasional tap on the head to make him keep it down instead of disturbing the "trim" of the boat by stretching his neck at every bird that passed overhead or made a noise on shore. After picking their way through narrow channels, fallen treetops, lodged drift wood, sand bars, heavy reeds and wild rice, for about a mile from the river, they landed and went ashore. The ground was low, tolerably flat and covered with a rank growth of vegetation that made the place look more like a tropical than a northern country. Oak, elm, basswood, cottonwood, ash and maple trees, some of great size, towered high on all sides above the thick undergrowth of young timber; and many an aged monarch still standing proud in death, brandished its ragged and sinewy arms toward the sky as if in defiance of the elements. Decaying logs and trunks, driftwood and broken limbs, lay scattered in the most systematic order for human stumbling-blocks. Thick grass, waist high, covered most of the hard ground. From the innumerable little ponds and sloughs the reeds and rushes sprung in dense masses around the edge; pond lilies sometimes studded the water in the center; and often the wild rice waved its proud head in place of both. The trees in many places were festooned with gigantic vines, which often formed an almost impenetrable tangle to the foot passenger, and nettles and various other delectable irritants of great size made the open places equally inviting.

"How do you expect to find any thing in this hole?" inquired Bolton as he cast a despairing glance at it. "It's worse than an East Indian jungle, and if we do see anything it would puzzle old Nick to hit."

He was interrupted by a heavy beat of wings mingled with a dolorous, long-drawn "wee, wee, wee," a sudden bang-whang of Melville's gun and two heavy splashes in the water; and looking up he saw a dozen ducks wheeling over the tops of the trees that skirted a little pond in front of them.

"Wood-duck!" said M. "Go fetch, Jack," he added, when loaded.

Jack started, and disappeared in the reeds, which suddenly stopped moving above him.

"I believe the scamp is on a point," said M., noticing no further motion of the rushes.

As he went in to look, a woodcock bounced, with whistling wing, to the top of the reeds and darted away for the timber. As M. raised his gun, bang went Bolton's from behind him, and the bird vanished, leaving a cloud of fine feathers floating in its place. He turned and saw Bolton's whole countenance swamped in a bottomless smile, which engulfed even the tips of his ears. Bolton's mouth was too wide for utterance, but a troop of emotions rushed through his soul; he felt supremely happy, and the long days of toil and disappointment were all paid for with compound interest, at Western rates.

The whizz of another cock brought Bolton's scattered lineaments together in such haste that he nearly snapped his tongue in two as he brought up his gun. One barrel went off before the bird had fairly cleared the reeds, and the other cut a lane through the smoke of the first, while M.'s gun followed in quick succession, as the birds scudded away unharmed over the timber.

"Too quick, you see; you're getting excited again," said M.

"I must have got some of those confounded empty cartridges in that I had yesterday."

"Here, none of that, now. I saw your shot tear through the reeds about two yards behind him."

"Well, I killed one anyhow."

"And that is what spoiled your next shot. You needn't think you've mastered it all at once. Just lay aside all anxiety to kill another one and take it as easy as if they were not worth picking up."

The woodcock and ducks were soon retrieved, and they started around the pond, beating the rushes that fringed it. Soon Romeo was missing.

"You must watch him closely in this stuff," said M. "He is probably pointing somewhere."

Bolton whistled and called, and they looked all around, whistling and calling for several minutes in vain.

"Why, here's the rascal, right here," said M.

Only a few yards from them Romeo's nose was just discernible poking out of the edge of a patch of tall grass toward the muddy edge of the pond. Scarcely a yard ahead of him, in an open place among the reeds, sat a full-grown, cock looking as cool and unconcerned as an aldermanic bull-frog. His large, lustrous, black eyes, set high back in his head, seemed to be quizzing the party with a sublime indifference to the dog, and fresh mud was plainly visible upon his long bill. Becoming satisfied with the inspection, and discovering that he also was being investigated, he rose with a quick, twisting flirt and vanished in the timber. Bolton's two barrels cracking in quick succession before the cock reached it, and Melville shivering the leaves in line with his path just as he disappeared.

"I hit him anyhow, look at the feathers," chuckled B.

"Of course you did. You killed yours; that was another I shot at."

"Two for me already! Eureka!" shouted B. waving his hat in joy while the sheen of his smile almost reflected a picture of the whole scene. "By George! I've struck it at last. I can do it now. It seems most too good to be true."

"I'm afraid it is, Fred. I'm sorry to spoil your fun, but I was

only fooling. Those feathers came from a cat-tail your first barrel tore to pieces."

Bolton's lower maxillary dropped at once, but came quickly up to utter the consolatory remark, "Well, I was kind o' thinking I had an empty cartridge in that time. I've got 'em all mixed in my pocket and loading in such a hurry."

"Hanged if you don't eclipse old Falstaff. But let's look for that one, I had his direction, but couldn't see whether I hit him."

Jack was sent into the brush in line with its flight and soon came trotting back with it in his mouth; but taking a short cut across a grassy point that projected from the timber, he suddenly stopped and squared around stiff at a clump of tangled vines and grass on the point.

"Look at that cock in his mouth," said B., as they came up, "it's alive yet." And sure enough it was. There it sat with its long bill and odd-looking head sticking from one side of Jack's mouth with an expression of *otium cum dignitate* rarely seen in this world. There was no sign of fear, but only a comical look of solemn tranquillity in its deep, dark eye, until they came too close, when it showed some uneasiness.

Suddenly from before the dog two cocks whirled up and spun away backward along the edge of the timber, one taking each side. Melville dropped one as it whipped around a tree top, and turning quickly cut down the other as it was wheeling into an opening. But Bolton was ahead of him both times.

"What's the matter now? Empty cartridges again?" said M. "Don't you worry about those empty cartridges. I'll wipe your eye for you yet, before we get through."

"You needn't be ashamed of missing on this ground, but you'll do better to follow my advice and not try to hit any more to-day. You'll get shooting enough before we're through this trip."

Having hunted around this pond without finding any more they went to another some two hundred yards further on. As they approached it a bunch of wood-duck flapping and squealing arose in a huddle out of which dropped three at the simultaneous crack of the two guns; another came struggling down from each of the second barrels, and Fred again looked happy.



CHARLES LANMAN.

"That's well done for empty cartridges, smell of powder probably choked them," said M.

"Never you mind those empty cartridges. I'll wipe your eye yet. I'm learning fast now."

Around this pond they found no woodcocks, but the ground was perforated with their borings for worms, like a pepper box.

"It's so late in the day that most of them have gone to the shady, dark thickets," said M.

They started for one of the numerous strips of sapling and scruboak brush that covered some of the low dryground between the sloughs and ponds, and there they found the birds quite plenty. Jack was an old woodcock dog and knew his business to perfection. With a slow, even trot he traveled to and fro for about twenty yards to each side, and about twenty yards ahead of his master, seeming to know every spot where a bird would be likely to lie, approaching it with a cautious sniff, and pointing at a faint scent without working any closer.

"We'll have some lively work here," said M., as Jack came to the first point. "The birds will rise pretty wild here, and it will take quick."

The sentence was completed by his first barrel: for, with a sudden whistling whizz the cock was careering upward through the trees. On he went, however, but came whirling down at the crack of Bolton's gun.

"Now, whose eye is wiped, eh? Laugh at my shooting will you?" said Bolton with face beaming like the harvest moon. "Talk about snap shooting, will you? Don't you wish you could do it? You ought really to learn how. You don't know what you miss. I really sympathize with such a duffer as you are. I really wish you could do it, for it would give me more pleasure to see you progressing a little."

"Are you, through! I really hate to interrupt such delicious joy, but must caution you, or you may get in a scrape. This is government land, and it's a serious offense to cut timber on it," said M., pointing to a two-inch sapling in front of Bolton that was cut almost in two about ten feet from the ground.

"Well, of course I have to cut a road for my shot in such thick stuff as this. The rest of the load killed the bird. You see - I load heavy enough to clear the brush and do execution too. You'll learn something yet, if you hunt a season or two with this child."

"Yes, I think I will. I see already how to cheek it through an iceberg of difficulty."

"Well, how did he get killed then? Say!"

"Well, my second barrel cracked at the same time with your brush cutter."

"Did it?" involuntarily murmured B. with a meditative look of disgust, as the two empty shells, that M. threw from his gun, confirmed his statement. He turned musingly away, sat down on a log, mashed, with an indignant wisp, a dozen mosquitos, and said to himself, "Hang these flat-bottomed shells, any way. I believe the conical base are best after all."

The shooting now became quite rapid. One of the dogs was either pointing or drawing about half the time. Bolton banged away at everything that showed itself and brought down plenty of leaves, twigs and two more sapling tops, but nothing else. Melville, too, made many misses, as everyone must do who tries woodcock in such cover. The birds were full grown, vigorous and wild. Now from the edge of the thicket one would wheel suddenly out into the open and twist up over the timber. Here one would whizz up through the trees on a spiral course and then dart straight away over the tops. There another would rise almost straight upward for twenty feet, then skim away downward through an opening seen only by itself. Others would rise twenty feet ahead of the dogs and whisk away out of sight in a twinkling; while sometimes nothing could be seen but a brown streak fading into nothing just as the eye would catch it.

Still, Melville was nearly equal to the emergency. Now he would seem to fire only at the twittering sound of their wings; leaves and dead twigs would rattle to the ground, but no bird be seen to fall, nor would the result of the shot be known until the dog was sent in the direction of the bird's flight, when he would generally find it dead. Sometimes he would drop on one knee, so as to see under the overhanging boughs, and at the instant his knee touched the ground, the butt of the gun would touch his shoulder and the charge be tunneling the brush in the bird's direction; the whole thing being done in a twinkling. Sometimes a wild twisting bird would be missed with one barrel and caught with the second; sometimes missed with both, and this failure atoned for in a few moments by cutting down right and left with each barrel two birds that sprang together; the first one wilting before getting ten feet from the ground.

"Fred," said he, as he pocketed the twentieth woodcock, "I've had enough for to-day. Twenty is as many as any white man should shoot in a day. There are plenty of birds here yet and thousands of acres we have not touched, but I long since got over the piggyish desire to murder for the sake of a big count."

"I never play the swine either. I always stop short of twenty and am very strongly opposed to big bags on anything that I ever shot at yet," replied Fred.

"Seriously, joking aside, I'm done for to-day. We'll come again to-morrow."

"All right then, I had intended to take in about fifty more, but to accommodate you will forego the pleasure. But this beats chicken shooting, don't it?"

"It's infinitely better, although I will show you some of that, that's mighty good when the birds get bigger."

"They are generally too easy to hit, and one tires of it sooner than of this."

"Yes, I don't like that part of it at all. I want something that takes plenty of skill. But what a splendid place this is for cock."

"These bottoms generally are very good, although one must be acquainted with them to get good sport. Sometimes there will be no good ground for many miles, and then suddenly there will be thousands of acres of it full of birds. Many places are too sandy; others too sour. It varies, too, with the rise and fall of the Mrs. A rise now of two or three feet would cover these feeding grounds just enough to spoil them for a few days and scatter the birds; though a quick rise of six or seven feet would concentrate them on the dry spots and make fine sport. Another point is that these birds stay here all Summer and Fall. You see it is now near the middle of August; the time when Frank Forester used to wonder where the birds went. In another month you can find many so advanced in the moult that they will make little or no noise when they rise; although they can still skip out lively enough.

"I thought it was a vexed question where they went to moult."

"It used to be east, and is yet perhaps to a slight extent; but it is not here. The birds bred on these grounds stay here till frost unless killed or driven off by high water."

In a few minutes they were again in the skiff, gliding smoothly down the swift current of the slough to the Mississippi.

AS TO TOWN SITES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—Germantown, Pa.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Are you not hiding your light under a bushel? Can you not bestir yourself—the editorial duties can be allowed to go at loose ends, as any bumper can attend to them—and take possession of some tract of land near the Arctic Circle, publish far and wide the indisputable fact that said lands will produce plenty of hardy berries (and even a few apples, of the iron-clad varieties), and launch forth into the real estate business? It would be shameful not to be bold enough to name the county seat and headquarters of your speculation *Rose*. The land will cost you say \$1 per acre. Publish persistently the facts that snowy owls and polar bears can (once in a while) be shot near your lands, and you can soon sell to the "green ones" at a profit of 400 per cent. Lithographs, with circles, showing distance of *Rose* from insignificant places like Milwaukee and Chicago, will be effective. *Soak in lots of isothermal lines, and conceal the fact that its climate, in Winter, is that of Greenland.* ALLOCH.

The CHICAGO FIELD is one of the most spirited and reliable sporting papers published.—*Sacramento Record Union.*

The Horse.

Louisville Jockey Club—Fall Meeting.

SECOND DAY—SEPT. 23.

There was a large attendance of spectators on the second day of the regular meeting, to witness the racing. The weather was warm and the track fast. There were four races on the programme. The first, the Belle Meade Stakes, had six starters. This was for two-year-old colts, dash of three-quarters of a mile. The following came to the post: Mistake, by Waverly; Fonso, by King Alfonso; Echo, by War Dance; Bowling Green, by Tom Bowling; Tallman, by Waverly, and Aurora's Baby, by Aurora Baby. Tallman and Fonso each brought \$200 in the pools, Mistake \$80, Aurora's Baby, Echo, and Bowling Green, as the field, \$60. After several false starts they were sent away. Aurora's Baby being in the lead, Mistake second, Bowling Green third, Fonso fourth, Tallman fifth, and Echo sixth. Aurora's Baby held her lead at the half-mile pole, being a length the best of Mistake, Fonso third, with the others not far away. The leaders ran in this way to the three-quarter pole, when Mistake, Fonso, and Bowling Green moved up to Aurora's Baby. Half way down the stretch Mistake drew out from the others, and taking the lead, won handily by three lengths; Bowling Green second, one length in front of Fonso third, Aurora's Baby fourth, Tallman fifth, and Echo sixth. Time, 1:16½. Paris Mutual pools paid \$29.70.

WINNERS OF THE BELLE MEADE STAKES.

Year.	Winner.	Sire.	Subs.	St's.	Time.
1875—Nichols' Vagrant.....	Virgil.....	23	12	1:17½	
1876—Buford's McWhirter.....	Enquirer.....	7	6	1:17	
1877—Thomas' Himyar.....	Alarm.....	15	6	1:16½	
1878—Swigert's Trinidad.....	Australian.....	20	10	1:17½	
1879—Grinstead's Mistake.....	Waverly.....	15	6	1:16½	

Weights were raised in 1878 from—colts, 90 lbs.; geldings, 87 lbs.; to colts, 100 lbs.; geldings, 97 lbs.

The second race was a handicap for all ages, dash of one mile and a half. Ten ran. These were Minnock, 4 years, by Glenelg, 97 lbs.; Pat's Boy, 4 years, by Pat Malloy, 90 lbs.; Lotta Lewis, 3 years, by Glen Athol, 80 lbs.; Cammie F, 4 years, by Glenelg, 103 lbs.; Largenteen, 5 years, by War Dance, 108 lbs.; Sam Ecker, 3 years, by Harry O'Fallon, 85 lbs.; Day Star, 4 years, by Star Davis, 95 lbs.; Blanche J, 3 years, by Australian, 89 lbs.; War Dance—Sue Dougherty filly, 3 years, 86 lbs.; and Wah-ta-wah, 6 years, by John C. Breckinridge, 90 lbs. Cammie F. had the call in the betting, selling for \$250 in the pools, while Largenteen brought \$200, Sam Ecker \$40, Day Star \$30 and the field \$70. The start was excellent. Lotta Lewis showed the way to the turn, where she was passed by Wah-ta-wah. Day Star third, L'Argentine fourth. At the three-quarter pole Wah-ta-wah was one length in front, Minnock second, lapped by L'Argentine, third, and they passed the stand in this order, the rest being well up except Pat's Boy, who was outpaced from the beginning. No changes occurred on the turn or at the quarter pole but before reaching the half Largenteen had lapped Wah-ta-wah, Sam Ecker being third. At the head of the stretch, Sam Ecker took the lead and won by two lengths. L'Argentine second, one length in front of Wah-ta-wah, third, followed by Cammie F, Lotta Lewis, Minnock, Blanche J, Richards' filly, Day Star and Pat's Boy, in the order named. The first mile was made in 1:44½ and the race in 2:37½.

The next race was the association purse of \$300, dash of one mile. Nine started. These were Good Night, 3 years, by Enquirer; Kate Claxton, 4 years, by Billet; Florence B, 3 years, by Tom Bowling; Coquena, 3 years, by Longfellow; Glendalia, 4 years, by Glenelg; Buckshot, 3 years, by Buckner; Judge Thompson, 3 years, by Glen Athol; Beatitude, 3 years, by Bonnie Scotland, and Wah-o-nasia, 5 years, by Plowman. Good Night was a great favorite, selling for \$400, Kate Claxton \$80, Florence B and Buckshot \$60 and the field \$90. Glendalia got the best of the send-off. Buckshot second, Beatitude third, followed by Good Night, Kate Claxton, Coquena, Judge Thompson, Florence B and Wah-o-nasia. Kate Claxton took the lead at the quarter, with Beatitude second, Good Night third. On the lower turn Good Night went into first place; he was never afterward headed, and won easily by two lengths. Beatitude second, one length in front of Florence B, third, followed by Buckshot, Judge Thompson, Glendalia, Kate Claxton, Wah-o-nasia and Coquena in the order named. Time, 1:42½. Good Night carried six pounds overweight.

The last event of the day was a selling race, with the usual allowances of weight for prices, dash of one mile and a quarter. Seven started. These were—Rowdy Boy, 3 years, by Silent Friend, \$300; Captain Fred Rice, 4 years, by Rebel, \$500; Ed Turner, 5 years, by Enquirer, \$500; John R. Swinney, 4 years, by War Dance, \$500; Victim, 3 years, by Victory, \$1,000; Charley Bush, 4 years, by John Morgan, \$500, and Brillanteen, 3 years, by War Dance, \$1,000. Fred Rice jumped away in front, was never headed and won easily by two lengths. Victim was second, one length ahead of Ed Turner, third, Rowdy Boy fourth, J. R. Swinney fifth, Charley Bush sixth, Brillanteen last. The mile was in 1:43½ and the race in 2:09½.

THIRD DAY—SEPT. 24.

The rain of last night improved the track, and a good attendance was present. Four races were run. The first was a race of mile heats for the association purse of \$300. Four started. Buckshot, 3 years, by Buckden; Montreal, 3 years, by Monarchist; Dave Moore, 4 years, by Longfellow; Short Line, 5 years, by Lexington. Dave Moore was a great favorite, selling for \$300, Montreal brought \$150, and the other two \$75.

First Heat.—Montreal jumped away in front and opened a gap of four lengths to the half-mile pole where Moore gradually closed on him and at the distance stand had headed him. Dave Moore won the heat handily by two lengths, Montreal second, six lengths ahead of Short Line, third, and Buckshot fourth. Time, 1:44½.

Second Heat.—Dave Moore was left out of the pools and Montreal was the favorite for the second place at \$230; the field brought \$110. Short Line got the best of the start. Before reaching the quarter pole Montreal went to the front, and opened a gap of three lengths to the half-mile pole. Dave Moore now moved up second, and to the three-quarter pole closed on Montreal, and entering the stretch took command. Moore then came away as he pleased, and won the heat and race by two lengths, Buckshot second, one length in front of Montreal, and Short Line a bad fourth. Time, 1:44½.

The second was a selling race, one mile and a half, for a purse of \$300. Six started. Ella Rowett, 5 years, by Uncle Vic, 107 lbs.; Harry Peyton, 5 years, by Phaeton, 98 lbs.; Peru, 3 years, by Glengarry, 92 lbs.; Juanita, 3 years, by Wanderer, 87 lbs.; Silver Bill, 3 years, by John Morgan, 87 lbs.; and Judge, 3 years, by Pat Malloy, 81 lbs. Ella Rowett was the favorite and brought \$310, Peru \$120, while the field found many backers at \$45. Juanita had the best of the start. At the stand Judge led Ella Rowett half a length, Juanita lapped on her, third; Peru a good fourth, Harry Peyton fifth and Silver Bill sixth. At the quarter pole Ella Rowett went to the front, Judge second, one length off, Peru third, and Juanita fourth. On entering the stretch Ella Rowett, Peru, Judge and Juanita were lapped. A grand struggle followed until within the distance, when Peru showed in front, and finally won a magnificently finished race by half a length, Ella Rowett second, a head in front of Judge, third, he the same distance the best of Juanita, fourth, Harry Peyton fifth and Silver Bill last. The mile was made in 1:50½ and the race in 2:42½.

The third race having failed to fill, the club substituted a purse of \$300, of which \$50 to the second, for two-year-olds that had not won this meeting. Five ran. These were Echo, by War Dance; Nomad, by Wanderer; Colonel Sprague, by Calvin; Aurora's Baby, by Baywood, and Bowling Green, by Tom Bowling. Bowling Green was the favorite, selling freely at \$225, Colonel Sprague \$60, Aurora's Baby \$65, Echo \$60 and Nomad \$60. The start was good, with Nomad in front. Before reaching the half-mile pole Bowling Green took the lead, was never afterward headed and won easily by two lengths, Aurora's Baby second, one length in front of Colonel Sprague, third, Nomad fourth, Echo, who reared at the start, last. Time, 1:16½.

The fourth race, one mile, purse of \$300, had only one starter—George Gill's brown filly Secret, by Enquirer, three years old, who galloped over for half the money. The club gave an extra race, purse \$150, for all ages, dash of three-quarters of a mile. Six responded, these being Glendalia, Leon, Judge Thompson, Mollie Hart, Secret and Moore's Buckden filly. The betting was very spirited. Leon sold for \$500, Glendalia \$700 and the field for \$250. Judge Thompson jumped away with the lead, Buckden filly second, Secret third, Leon fourth, Glendalia fifth, Mollie Hart last. Judge Thompson held his lead past the half and up to the three-quarter pole, Buckden filly second, lapped by Leon and Glendalia. Entering the stretch, Leon went to the front, with Glendalia second. After a hard race home Glendalia won by a short neck, Leon second, three lengths in front of Judge Thompson, third, a head in front of Buckden filly, fourth, Mollie Hart fifth, Secret sixth. Time, 1:16½.

FOURTH DAY—SEPT. 25.

The interest in the races have met with no abatement, the great event of to-day for the Stallion Stake proving an additional attraction. Three King won, making the best record for age, weight and distance. Three races were run, the first purse of \$300, for all ages, one mile and an eighth, had six starters: Ben Hill, 3 years, by Bonnie Scotland; Victim, 3 years, by Victory; Ed Turner, 5 years, by Enquirer; Cammie F, 4 years, by Glenelg; Captain Fred Rice, 4 years, by Rebel, and Trinidad, 3 years, by Australian. Ben Hill was the favorite at \$300, Cammie F \$150, Fred Rice \$130, Victim \$80, and the field \$55. The start was excellent, Cammie F leading. Before reaching the stand Victim was a

length in front of Fred Rice, second; Ben Hill third, Cammie F fourth, Ed Turner fifth, Trinidad sixth. Entering the stretch Ben Hill was lapped by Victim, and after a driving race home Hill and Victim went under the wire together, and it was declared a dead heat. Cammie F was third, a length and a half off; Fred Rice fourth, Trinidad fifth and Ed Turner sixth. The mile was made in 1:43½, and the mile and an eighth in 1:56¼. For the deciding heat Ben Hill sold for \$300 and Victim \$25. Both went away together and raced head and head to the half-mile pole, when Victim quit, having had enough of it, and Hill came away and won in a big gallop by three lengths. The mile was in 1:46½ and the race in 2:00¼.

The event of the day was the Great American Stallion Stakes, for three-year-olds, one mile and three-quarters. The following named sires were represented in the fifty-one entries: Longfellow, imp. Bonnie Scotland, imp. Glenelg, Waverly, Tom Bowling, War Dance, imp. Glen Athol, John Morgan, imp. Intruder, Enquirer, imp. Buckden, West Roxbury, Tom Porter, by Lightning; Planter, by Planet, and Dudley, by Planet. The fourteen subscriptions for stallions amounted to \$1,000, and the subscriptions for colts and fillies numbered fifty-one. The following started: Good Night, by Enquirer; Vender, by Glenelg; Fair Count, by Dudley; Lilly R, by Glenelg; Beatitude, by Bonnie Scotland; Mary Walton, by John Morgan; McGrathiana, by Tom Bowling; Buckner, by Buckden; Irish King, by Longfellow; Jils Johnson, by Longfellow; Aureolus, by Waverly, and Bettie F. The betting was very heavy. Buckner was the favorite, selling for \$1,050; Harper's pair (Irish King and Jils Johnson), \$575; Aureolus, \$400; Good Night, \$340; McGrathiana, \$105; Beatitude, \$80; Mary Walton, \$35; Bettie F, \$35; Lilly R, \$33; Vender, \$30; Fair Count, \$27. The flag fell to a good start. McGrathiana cut out the work, with Vender second, Fair Count third and Lilly R fourth, and in this way the leaders reached the half-mile pole. Down the stretch Beatitude came with a rush, passing the stand one length in front, McGrathiana second, Fair Count third, Vender fourth, Buckner fifth, Good Night sixth, Aureolus seventh and the rest well up. Beatitude held her lead around the turn and past the quarter pole, with McGrathiana second, Buckner third, Irish King fourth, Vender fifth, Jils Johnson sixth and the rest strung out. Going down the backstretch Buckner took second place, McGrathiana was third, Irish King fourth, Jils Johnson fifth and the balance as before. Entering the stretch some five or six were abreast, and a bitter contest ensued. Inside the furlong pole Irish King shot out in front, with Jils Johnson second, and coming straight on won a splendid race by a length and a half, Jils Johnson second, one length in front of Mary Walton third, half a length the best of McGrathiana, fourth, followed by Good Night, Lilly R, Aureolus, Beatitude, Vender, Fair Count, Bettie F and Buckner in the order named. The mile was in 1:44½ and the race in 2:05¼, the best time on record for age, weight and distance. On May 23, 1877, Conrier, 4 years old, carrying 101 lbs., ran the same distance in the same time. Harper's victory was received with wild shouts by the many admirers of the great Longfellow, whose two sons did such gallant work in the race. Buckner, the favorite racer of the Gulf States, was out of the contest by the time the last quarter was reached.

WINNERS OF THE STALLION STAKES.

Year.	Winner.	Sire.	Subs.	St's.	Time.
1878—Dwyer Brothers' Bramble.....	Bonnie Scotland.....	10	3:14		
1879—Harper's Irish King.....	Longfellow.....	12	3:05¼		

In 1878 there were seventeen stallions and sixty colts and fillies represented in the entries. The weights then were—Colts, 100 lbs.; fillies, 97 lbs.

Purse of \$300, for all ages, dash of two miles. Four started. These were Himyar, 4 years, by Alarm; Wah-ta-wah, 6 years, by John C. Breckinridge; Dave Moore, 4 years, by Longfellow, and Sam Ecker, 3 years, by Harry O'Fallon. Himyar sold for \$400, Dave Moore, \$250, and the field, \$40. Sam Ecker was first off, but was passed by Dave Moore on the turn, Wah-ta-wah second, Sam Ecker third and Himyar last. At the three-quarters Himyar took second place and was lapped by Sam Ecker third, Wah-ta-wah last. Dave Moore passed the stand at the end of the first mile, two lengths in front of Himyar, the latter a length ahead of Sam Ecker, third. Himyar and Sam Ecker gradually closed on Dave Moore, the three being lapped at the three-quarter pole. The three entered the stretch abreast, and after a driving race to the stand Himyar won by a short head, Dave Moore second, one length in front of Sam Ecker, third. Wah-ta-wah was beaten a quarter of a mile. The first mile was in 1:50, and the race in 3:35.

FIFTH DAY—SEPT. 26.

The racing to-day was marked by the fast time recorded. Three races were on the card. The Gault house Stakes, for three-year-olds, was the first; mile heats, and of nineteen entries four faced the start. These were One Dime, by Wanderer; Headlight, by Billet; Lloyd Harris, by Enquirer, and Ada Glenn, by Glenelg.

First Heat.—One Dime sold in the pools for \$250, Ada Glenn \$170, Headlight \$100, and Lloyd Harris \$31. One Dime was first away. At the quarter, Lloyd Harris pushed to the front, which position he maintained to the half-mile pole, where One Dime challenged him, and after a struggle again took the lead. Entering the stretch, One Dime showed in advance, lapped by Ada Glenn. After a fine race home, One Dime won the heat by a neck, Ada Glenn second, six lengths in front of Headlight, third, and Lloyd Harris a bad fourth. Time, 1:44½.

Second Heat.—Five to one on One Dime against the field. One Dime jumped away with the lead. Ada Glenn lapped One Dime on the backstretch, and the pair raced head and head to the three-quarter pole, where One Dime took the lead, and pulling to Ada Glenn, beat her out half a length, Headlight two lengths off, third, Lloyd Harris distanced. Time, 1:44½.

Second on the programme was a selling race, with allowances, for a purse of \$250, one mile and a quarter. Eight started; Brillanteen, 3 years, by War Dance; Judge Thompson, 3 years, by Glen Athol; Juanita, 3 years, by Wanderer; Peru, 3 years, by Glengary; Montreal, 3 years, by Monarchist; Mayfield, 3 years, by Monarchist; Ella Rowett, 5 years, by Uncle Vic, and Mollie Hart, 3 years, by Bonnie Scotland. Juanita jumped away in front. At the stand she led two lengths, and increased her lead to three lengths to the quarter pole, was never headed, and won easily by three lengths, Montreal second, half a length in front of Peru, third, Ella Rowett fourth, Brillanteen fifth, Judge Thompson sixth, Mayfield seventh and Mollie Hart eighth. The mile was in 1:43½, and the race in 2:10.

The last race of the day was the Sanford Stakes, for two-year-old colts and fillies, dash of one mile. Six came to the post, these being Mistake, by Waverly; Mendelssohn, by Buckden; Tallman, by Waverly; Fonso, Blue Lodge and Sly Dance. In the pools Sly Dance sold for \$600, Mistake \$410, Mendelssohn \$130, Blue Lodge \$130, Tallman \$100, and Fonso \$80. The start was good, Mistake first getting away. Sly Dance, on the outside, ran around all the horses, and was first at the quarter pole in 25 seconds, three lengths in front of Mistake, second, one length the best of Mendelssohn, third. Sly Dance kept up her pace and passed the half-mile pole in 50 seconds. On the lower turn Mistake and Mendelssohn followed the leader head and head, two lengths off. Sly Dance led a length at the three-quarter pole in 1:16½. Entering the stretch, Mistake made play, and inside the furlong pole lapped Sly Dance, and, after a driving race home, won by a length and a half, Sly Dance second, three lengths in front of Mendelssohn, third, Tallman fourth, Fonso fifth, Blue Lodge sixth. Time, 1:43½; the fastest two-year-old race, for the distance, by a second, on record. Sly Dance would have won had not too much use been made of her during the first part of the race.

WINNERS OF THE SANFORD STAKES.

Year.	Winner.	Sire.	Subs.	St's.	Time.
1875—Nichols' Vagrant.....	Virgil.....	23	10	1:46	
1876—Dixon & Co.'s Belle Meade.....	Bonnie Scotland.....	19	8	1:44½	
1877—Reynolds' Blue Eyes.....	Enquirer.....	24	3	1:45½	
1878—Swigert's Spendthrift.....	Australian.....	16	8	1:46½	
1879—Grinstead's Mistake.....	Waverly.....	20	6	1:43½	

SIXTH DAY—SEPT. 27.

The weather to-day was cool and cloudy. Attendance large. The first race was a mile heat race for beaten horses. L'Argentine had the call in the pools, selling at \$100 against \$70 for Beatitude, \$30 for Sweeney, and \$30 for the field.

In the first heat Rowdy Boy got off in the lead, followed by Beatitude second, Sweeney third, Turner fourth, Silver Bell fifth, and L'Argentine last. Sweeney had the lead at the quarter and half-mile poles, with the cracks, Beatitude and L'Argentine in close order. At the three-quarters Beatitude was only half a length behind Sweeney, L'Argentine two lengths back. In the stretch Beatitude and L'Argentine joined issue, both of them passing Sweeney with ease. L'Argentine, however, could not win, the little filly leading her by three-quarters of a length. Time, 1:42½.

For the second heat Rowdy Boy again led, L'Argentine second, Turner third, and Beatitude last. L'Argentine shot to the front, at the turn. In the stretch she was headed by Beatitude, and a hard race for the string resulted in L'Argentine's winning. Time, 1:42½.

Beatitude was evidently worried by this heat, but as she and L'Argentine again faced the starter, she appeared as game as ever. Beatitude led off, but before the quarter pole was reached L'Argentine took the lead and kept it by two lengths all around. Time, 1:45½.

The second event was a mile and a quarter dash with Lillie R, Leon, Coquena, Vender, Wahonasia, Blanche J, and the War Dance filly as starters. Lillie R sold as favorite, with Wahonasia second. The seven were sent off to a good start, Coquena leading, Lillie R second, Leon third, the remainder undiscernible. Lillie passed Coquena before they reached the string in front of the grand stand. Leon had fallen back in the bunch, and the War Dance filly took third place. The rest were trailing. At the quarter pole the War Dance filly was a length ahead of Leon, Lillie R third. The filly kept the lead firmly, never being pressed very hard, and winning by two lengths over Wahonasia,

who came second, with Blanche J third, and Lillie R fourth. Time, 1:56½.

The third event was a four-mile dash with Day Star, Janet, Charlie Bush, Judge, Minnock and Ecker as starters. Janet sold a large favorite. They started easily, with Charlie Bush leading, Day Star second, Janet third, Ecker fourth, Minnock fifth, and Judge last. Day Star and Janet soon fell back and made a waiting race, Minnock came up to second place, Judge ran third as they went past the quarter pole. Bush yielded to Minnock the lead at the half-mile pole, and the latter kept it gamely until the six began the third mile, when her strength rapidly gave out, and she stopped before completing three miles. Charlie Bush took the lead and was as much as half a dozen lengths ahead of Ecker and Judge, who took alternate hold of second place. Day Star ran sixth for nearly three miles, and Janet fifth. When they entered the last mile they edged up gradually, the latter taking fourth place, and the former fifth. Charlie Bush still held the lead. Ecker running second, and Judge third. When they reached the last pole Day Star was sixth, but Janet had taken third place. In the stretch these two soon began the real contest. Day Star responded nobly to the call, and contested every inch of ground to the string with Janet. The latter won by a length, with Charlie Bush, who had kept the lead so long and well, as third, Ecker fourth. The time was 7:25.

There will be two extra days next week, and there is talk of a race between those fine horses, Himyar and Dave Moore.

THE PEORIA, ILL., MEETING.—At Peoria, on Sept. 24, the attendance was large, the trotting drawing a large percentage of the visitors. Rain however, commenced falling early in the afternoon, causing a postponement. The first heat of the 2:48 trot was contested by Don Quixote, Ike Marvel, Josephus, and Mamie Lee, and won by Don Quixote in 2:39½. Just as Sleepy Tom, Mattie Hunter, Rowdy Boy and Lucy commenced the pacing race, the rain began falling, but the horses finished the first heat nevertheless, Lucy being victorious in 2:35. The other horses broke badly on account of the rain, and the heat was unsatisfactory. On the 24th the weather had cleared, and the racing was resumed, Mattie Hunter winning the second, third and fifth heats and race, and Rowdy Boy the fourth heat. Time, 2:38½, 2:31½, 2:28, and 2:29½. The 2:48 trot was also concluded, Don Quixote winning the second and third heats and race. Time, 2:37 in each. Hopeful and Midnight trotted for a special purse of \$250, Hopeful winning the first two heats in 2:27½ and 2:27½. The third heat was postponed until the next day. In the 2:25 trot Fanny Robinson, Ella Earl, Monroe Chiel, and Warrior won a heat each, the race was postponed. In the evening the track was illuminated by an electric light, and Darby trotted a mile with a running mate in 2:29½.

The meeting was continued on the 25th inst., with three postponed races on the hands of the association. It was estimated 10,000 persons were present. The unfinished 2:25 trot was concluded, and won by Monroe Chief. Best time, 2:27½. Hopeful trotted two mile heats with a running horse in 2:21½ and 2:21½. The trot of the 2:32 class was won by Fairmount in three straight heats; best time, 2:33½. Three heats of the 2:25 trot were contested by Will Cody, Clifton Boy and Kate second, and Will Cody won the first heat in 2:27½, and Clifton Boy won the second and third in 2:27 and 2:26½. On the 26th inst., the 2:48 trot was contested by Charley Ford, Midnight, Scott's Thomas and Clifton Boy, and was the finest race of the week. Midnight won the first two heats; time, 2:25½ in each. Charley Ford won the last three heats and race; time, 2:25½, 2:29½, and 2:31½. Midnight took second money and Scott's Thomas third. Clifton Boy was drawn after the third heat, on account of lameness. Midnight was third in the last two heats.

Billy Boy, Fanny Robinson, Lady M., John R., Fairmount and Business started in the 2:25 trot. Fanny Robinson won the race in three straight heats; time, 2:29½, 2:32½, 2:31½. Fairmount took second money, Business third, and Lady M. fourth. Billy Boy kicked his driver out of the sulky in the first half mile of the third heat, and ran around the track twice before he was stopped. John R. was distanced in the first heat.

THE MILWAUKEE (WIS.) MEETING.—The Milwaukee meeting opened on Sept. 23, and was a fair success in the way of attendance and good contests. Both favorites were beaten in their respective classes. The three-minute trot was won by Akbar, the property of A. R. Paige, of Oshkosh, in three unbroken heats. Time 2:33, 2:34, 2:33½. Capt. Tom got second money, Cresco Maid third, and Milo fourth. The 2:35 trot was won by Edwin R., taking the second, fourth and fifth heats. Time, 2:30, 2:27, 2:29, 2:27, 2:29. Marion second money, Herod, the favorite, third, and Billy Yeazell fourth money. On the 24th the events of the day were the 2:30 and 2:40 trots. Matt Kirkwood won the former, after a six-heat contest, taking the fourth, fifth and sixth. Time, 2:30, 2:27, 2:27, 2:30, 2:30½, 2:31½. Richmond, second money, Dictator was distanced in the fifth heat, and Abdallah Boy and Carrie K. were sent to the barn for not winning a heat in five. On the 25th inst. the attendance was about 2,500 persons, the interest centering in the free-for-all, the entries for which embraced the well-known trotting horses Mazo-Manie, Cozette, Doty, and Grey Salem. In the first heat of the 2:45 class the driver of George K., entered by G. Adams, of Frankville, Wis., finding himself far in advance of the field, brought his horse down to a slow trot in order not to make a record. On coming under the wire the judges fined the owner and driver each \$100, and expelled them from the track. The pools in which George K. had sold favorite were declared off, and the heat had to be trotted over again. Headlight won first money in this class. Time, 2:45, 2:36, 2:37.

The first heat in the free-for-all was won by Cozette. Mazo-Manie took the three succeeding ones, and first money. Complaint was made by the backers of Cozette of jockeying on the part of her driver in order to let Mazo-Manie win. Time, 2:23½, 2:23½, 2:25½, 2:25.

The meeting closed on Sept. 26, only the 2:50 race was trotted, the 2:35 trot was declared off, due to shortage of entries. Akbar, the winner of the three-minute race, on the first day, won the 2:50 trot handily, and proved himself to be a wonderfully good young horse. Bill McLaughlin secured second money; Mowbray Maid third, and Mark Twain the fourth. Time, 2:33, 2:36½, 2:36.

A DRAFT SALE FROM MR. BONNER'S STABLE.—Mr. Robert Bonner, the well-known purchaser for twenty years of the choicest trotting horses regardless of cost, will make his first sale, public or private, at public auction of about fifty head of brood mares, colts, fillies and stallions, without reserve or limit, on the 29th of October, under the management of Messrs. Peter C. Kellogg & Co.

SALE OF LORD MURPHY.—Messrs. G. W. Darden & Co., Nashville, Tenn., have sold to Mr. J. R. Keene, New York City, the bay colt Lord Murphy, 3 years old, by Pat Malloy, dam Weonah, by Capt. Elgee, for \$10,000. Mr. Keene has two grand race colts in Spendthrift and Lord Murphy, that will reflect credit on his stable and jockey.

DEATH OF NINA.—This fine old brood mare by Boston, dam imp. Frolicsome Fanny, died on the 19th of September at Maj. T. W. Dossell's near Richmond, Va. She was the dam of Planet, by Revenue, and others of excellence, and was foaled in 1848.

General Notes.

BASE BALL.

MEETING OF THE LEAGUE.—At a meeting of the League at Buffalo, on Sept. 20, there were present: W. A. Hulbert, of the Chicago club; N. E. Young, of Washington, secretary; Henry T. Root, of the Providence club; A. H. Taben, of the Boston club; C. R. Defreest and Gardner Earl, of the Troy club; J. F. Evans, of the Cleveland club, and John B. Sage, of the Buffalo club. The Cincinnati were represented by Mr. Hulbert, but no one appeared for the Syracuse club. The following address was adopted:

Buffalo, Sept. 23.—At a meeting of the National League of professional base-ball clubs, held this day at Buffalo, after a careful review of the results, financial and otherwise, of the season of 1879, the following conclusions were arrived at, and recommendations adopted for future guidance:

The league believes that its efforts to present the only national game of the country strictly as an exhibition of skill, free from any of the influences which frequently surround such contests when governed and controlled by unprincipled managers, have been fully appreciated and approved by the general public.

That the stringent rules and regulations which have been adopted by this association and rigidly enforced, have been conducive to the best interests of all concerned, elevating the moral tone of the game, and educating the players to recognize the old adage, Honesty is the best policy.

The financial results of the past season prove that salaries must come down. We believe that players insisting upon exorbitant prices are injuring their own interests by forcing out of existence clubs which can not be run and pay large salaries except at a large proportional loss. The season financially has been a little better than that of 1878, but the expenses of many of the clubs have far exceeded the receipts, which is attributable wholly to the high salaries.

In view of these facts, measures have been taken by this league to remedy this evil to some extent for 1880.

It has also been decided that a uniform contract with players shall be used by each club, and that no money shall be paid players until it has been earned; in other words, that no advance shall be given.

The contracts will hereafter extend from April 1 until Oct. 31, inclusive, seven months, which will give the players half the year for the pursuit of other employment.

emerges from the egg it may be seen by the naked eye. The new-born fish is about half an inch long, and perfectly transparent; its eyes are very prominent and distinctly seen. The young one does not separate from the interior part of the egg, to which it remains attached by a cord called the umbilical cord, through which it receives nourishment for several weeks, by which time it can begin to provide for itself. As to the time of hatching, this varies with the temperature of the water; some eggs in a pond outside are more developed than those inside, because the waters are a few degrees warmer. The processes of the hatching-house are highly curious, instructive and interesting; order, forethought and attention are the prominent features of this department.

As to the methods resorted to by the pisciculturist, as the cultivator of fish is called, it is evidently by imitating the natural processes that success is attained to by artificial means. As to the "upper ponds," not now visited, we are satisfied they are similar to those we have seen; that were there a thousand ponds, the same simple, because natural, plans are resorted to. There is one tiny pond in which some "land-locked herrings" are placed, by way of experiment. The are shy and turbulent at present, but we feel assured that discipline will eventually "break them in." Here we are told of the dangers that beset fish from minks and muskrats, as well as other outside enemies. We also learn with satisfaction that other preparations are to be made for fish culture upon a larger scale, for which the grounds are admirably fitted. In passing along we see the little ones of the nursery fed with curds and milk, which, when thrown into the water, forms a cloud, in which the fish are enveloped as in a mist. In a minute we see them nibbling at the curd with appetites that would do credit to an alderman; and, lo! the cloud has vanished—eaten up by a thousand small fry that are evidently looking for more.

What worlds in miniature we have passed in our rambles; what studies for the philosopher, the statesman, the poet, the naturalist! But we must not moralize. More fish; rivers, streams and lakes full of fish; above all, cheap fish, by reason of the abundance of the supply, by artificial breeding, is our theme.

Do Fish Hear?

The question, "Can fishes hear?" has been lately asked, both at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences and in the columns of the *Pacific Life*. A writer in the latter quotes a fish-culturist to prove that they do not hear, yet the observations of this fish-culturist go to prove that they do hear, although their hearing may, as is most likely, differ from ours. "A slight jar of the ground communicated to the water would start them (trout) in alarm." "They may be startled by the step of a fisherman, if he jars the ground." These points are borne out by the testimony of many other sportsmen, and even if fishes had no organ of hearing which we could identify as such, would be sufficient to prove that they hear sounds produced in water. Whether they can hear sounds produced in air is more difficult to prove. At the outset we have to distinguish between not noticing and not hearing. We can hear, if we try, many sounds going on around us which we usually allow to pass unnoticed.

A friend may speak to us when intensely pre-occupied, and we may not be conscious of what he says; and many a noise occurs in the street without reaching our brains, though it must reach our ears. His authority says that his servant, lying unseen by the trout, could strike heavy stones together in the water without disturbing the trout. Did they take no notice the first time this was done? Would not unaccustomed fish be frightened? The remarks previously quoted, as well as facts mentioned at the Academy of Sciences by the Hon. B. B. Redding, one of our fish commissioners, and a most observant gentleman, go to prove that they would take notice.

It appears to be not unlikely that fish take no notice of sounds produced in the air, but it is not so easy, unless we can argue the matter from a fish's point of view, to prove they do not hear those sounds. Take the sense of sight as an illustration of that of hearing. I have often amused myself by making believe to strike a monkey that lived in a cage with a glass front. Accustomed to such demonstrations, the monkey simply took no notice. His bright eyes never even winked. Arguing, as was argued in the fish case, I might say monkeys cannot see.

All fishes have an organ of hearing; not a rudimentary organ, but one complete in its kind, and differing from ours only in its degree of development; differing, in fact, much in the same way that the brain, the heart, the intestines, the skeleton, the skin, the limbs, or any other part of a fish differs from that of a quadruped or from our own.

The heart of a fish is a simple chain of chambers, instead of the complex quadrilocular organ which circulates the blood of a quadruped; yet it performs the same office, and performs it sufficiently well for the fish's needs. In the same way, the organ of hearing of a fish is simple, but it contains all that is absolutely essential for hearing, viz: An auditory sacculus, full of fluid, and containing small bones, or "obolites" (usually two in number and comparatively large), and three large semi-circular canals. All vertebrates above fishes have obolites and three semi-circular canals, but higher animals add thereto a spiral cochlea, a tympanum with its chain of bones to communicate vibrations, and an external ear. Any argument against the ability of a fish to hear, based on the simplicity of the organ of hearing, might equally well be used to prove that a fish cannot breathe, swim or digest, because the organs it possesses for these purposes are simpler than ours, or are built on a slightly different plan. Sure of the presence of an organ of hearing, sure also of certain special adaptations of that organ in some groups of fishes, we may be certain that such conclusions as those commented on are not due to the fish's want of hearing, so much as to man's inability to reason correctly from insufficient premises.

The microphone has gone far towards proving what philosophers had previously become convinced of by deductive reasoning, that there is no motion without sound, and therefore that sound is present in numberless instances not evident to our senses. For our perception of sound, we are dependent upon our sense of hearing, which is adapted only to a certain range of sounds; and this range differs in human individuals, for we all know that some other persons hear sounds imperceptible to us. Still more is this true of other animals; they may hear what we cannot, yet be deaf to sounds audible to us.

Strict experiments upon the hearing of fishes have yet to be made. Most of the observations yet made are faulty, either because, first, the observer has supposed that the fish ought, if it can hear, to notice a sound he makes for the purpose; or, second, he has argued, from the standpoint of his own senses, that if a fish hears, the range of its hearing must be nearly the same as his own.

To conclude, that fish have ears, is indisputable; that they hear some sounds produced in the water, scarcely admits of question; that they hear some sounds produced in the air, even though they may not take notice of them, is probable, but lacks (so far as I know) experimental proof; that they do not hear many sounds which we hear, or at least do not discriminate between sounds which we hear, with our more highly organized organs, readily distinguish, is almost certain. All of which ends in this, that fishes hear, but their senses differ in range and delicacy from ours.—W. N. LOCKINGTON in *Pacific Life*.

The New York Fish Market.

A more plentiful supply of fish is to be found in the markets, and business, both wholesale and retail, is brisk. Though the very large demand for Coney Island has sensibly diminished, New York hotels are well filled, and people returning to the city make a lively demand for fish. There is no possible doubt that New York is becoming decidedly ichthyophagous, and that people are getting more cognizant of both the wholesomeness and economy of a partial fish diet. The only wonder is that provision dealers in interior towns do not introduce a fresh fish trade in their business. The country eats salt fish to a certain extent, but is in the darkest ignorance in regard to the advantages of a fresh sea fish. As transportation is so readily furnished from New York, it is a matter of surprise that a larger business is not done in fresh fish food. Comparing English and Scotch statistics as to the shipments of fresh fish by railroad into their interior towns with our own figures, it will be found that our business in this respect is but in its infancy. The movement of fresh fish caught on the great lakes of the seaboard is fairly large, but the interchange of sea-fish to the interior is ludicrously small. On Wednesday, a moss-bunker steaming in past Barren Island saw a large shoal of fish, and, spreading her nets, made a very wonderful haul of weak-fish—some 10,000 pounds. The fish were fairly large, weighing from four to six pounds. The place of catch and the method of capture are worth noting. Blue-fish are very abundant, striking in all along the coast, and the deficiency of this fine fish may perhaps be partially made up. Large quantities are being taken for refrigerating purposes. Striped bass are rather scarce, selling at 25 cents a pound; smelts from the provinces are worth 25 cents; blue-fish, 8 cents; refrigerated salmon, 30 cents; mackerel are still very small, worth 10 cents. In fact, very few fish have been caught this year, the large catches of No. 2 all reported off the coast of Maine. In mackerel fishery we sometimes carry the war into Africa, our vessels carrying on their mackereling in English waters. We have accounts of a Maine vessel which has just returned from a foreign cruise, but not with very good success. Some years ago an American vessel prosecuted mackerel fishing on the Norway coast for the London market, and did a very fair business. Weak-fish, 10 cents; Spanish mackerel, very large and in fine order from the Jersey coast, 30 cents, but none from Long Island; green turtle scarce at 12½ cents; the terrapin season has commenced with a fair supply coming from the South, but the best price is paid for the Long Island terrapins, \$24 a dozen, while Savannahs are worth only \$10; white perch 15 cents; halibut in better supply, 15 cents; haddock, 6 cents; king-fish, 25 cents; codfish by no means plenty at 8 cents; in about two weeks live fish will be in the market; porgies unusually scarce at 10 cents; sea bass, 18 cents; eels, 18 cents; lobsters, 10 cents; sheephead, fine and big, 25 cents; frog-legs very plenty at 25 cents; scallops, \$1.25 per gallon; soft clams, 30 to 75 cents per 100; whitefish improving in quality, with salmon trout, 15 cents; pickerel, 3 to 8 pound fish, 15 cents; black bass, 15 cents; prawns \$1.50 per gallon; soft crabs in good supply at from 50 cents to \$1.25, according to size. Some pompano from Florida selling at 50 cents a pound. The locality where the large pompano of 24 pounds, mentioned two weeks ago in *The Times*, has been accurately determined. The fish was caught on the 30th of August, in a pond on the eastern shore of Virginia, near Cape Charles. It is not yet quite positively determined whether this fish is the *Trachynotus goroensis* or the *T. Carolinus*. Other fish from the same locality will have to be examined before the exact distinction can be authoritatively established. The scientific difference, if such exists, is, of course, worthy of study, but in a practical sense the attention of fishermen should be directed toward these superb pompano, which, as food, are vastly superior to the turbot. The old maxim, "that there are as good fish in the sea as came out of it," must always remain good, and it seems quite certain that if one 24-pound pompano was caught, others of the same proportion ought to be captured.—*New York Times*.

A "Mystery" Solved.

At least ten years ago we saw the following item, which was then copied from an English paper, and have met it at least a dozen times since under the same heading of "The Mystery of the Lakes," and during this time it does not appear to have either lost or gained a word in its journeyings. It says: "There is a mystery about the American lakes. Lake Erie is only 60 or 70 feet deep, but Lake Ontario is 593 feet deep, 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lake Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although the surface is much higher, are all from their vast depths on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not impossible, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes."

The original propounder of this "mystery" has fallen into the common error of being deceived by common names as used by the fishermen, who never invent new names for new fishes, but tack on the name of one with which they have been familiar elsewhere and to which it bears a fancied resemblance. The "salmon" of the upper lakes are the lake trout, the common "lake," or "salmon trout," *Cristivomer namaycush* and the "siscowet," *C. siscowet*, no true salmon having ever been known there except a few plantings of fry which have not yet been caught in numbers. Neither has a herring ever graced these waters; the fish so-called being of the "whitefish" kind, a *Coregonus* or *Argyrosomus*, very similar to the "pollan" and "vendace" of British lakes. It really does not "puzzle the naturalist" to account for the "salmon" and "herring" in the upper lakes.

The New Association.

The *New York Times*, always alert when the subjects of the fisheries or fish-culture loom up anywhere, thus notices the gathering of the friends of fish-culture and fish preservation at Chicago on the 1st inst., as follows: "All fish-culturists will notice with pleasure that an association is to be formed in the West, the first meeting to be held in Chicago on Oct. 1. The names of those who have taken the preliminary steps for the founding of this association include leading fish-culturists and state fish commissioners in the West, and Mr. Frederick Mather, of Newark, N. J., will act for the present as secretary. With the rapid growth and extension of fish-culture, it was long ago quite evident that it was a matter of exceeding difficulty for fish-breeders to make long journeys to New York, in order to become familiar with the advance made in this new science. It should be a matter of pride

for the mother society, the American Fish-cultural Association, to foster any offshoot, and there is not the least doubt that the older Eastern society will do its best to encourage a thorough interchange of thought and opinion with all portions of the country. The study of fish-culture is of so general a character, the field of experiment so wide, the varieties of fish so numerous, that by extending the area of research there is every reason to suppose that this Western association will furnish a notable quota of new and useful information. The date of the first meeting, Oct. 1, is well chosen, for about that time the California salmon eggs, sent by the United States Fish Commission from the McCloud river, will arrive, and be taken in charge by such members of the association as happen to be officially interested in state fisheries. It may be mentioned, very much to the credit of Chicago, that the introduction of the Atlantic oyster in Pacific waters and the development of salmon-canning in Oregon, are due to Mr. A. Booth, of Chicago, whose name is to be found among the prime movers of the Western Fishery Association.

Influence of the Pickerel on Fishculture.

[From the Fischerel Zeitung, Stettin, Germany.]

A pond contained 1,800 carp of three-quarters of a pound weight, and twelve pike (*Esox*) of the same size. After three years the pond contained only two pike of sixteen pounds weight, and nothing else. These two pike had attained an equal weight on the carp, and each had wastefully consumed a value of 6 to 800 marks (\$150 to \$200), thereby making a pound of pickerel cost sixty marks. In water the animal life continually eats that which is smaller until the largest of all is capable of eating all beneath him in size, not only the fish, but all water animals. Our informant had a great number of young fish which he had hatched in fifteen different spawning ponds, many thousands in number. The ponds were so full of crawfish, larvae, and other animal life that the fish could not devour them all, and they were so large and strong that it is likely they devoured many of the young fish, so that in fourteen spawning ponds none at all remained, and the year's crop was entirely lost. But when the fish-culturist afterward placed a double quantity of fish in the pond these were in good condition, and a contest existed between the fishes to see which could devour the most. The question then arises, when in such small enclosed waters the mutual destruction is so apparent, how much more enormous must it be in waters which are larger and unconfined! How small are the efforts of man against the forces of natural law!

As in small ponds the small amount of water seems out of proportion to the quantity of animal life, so is it possible to be in the larger bodies of water. Such proportions must be carefully estimated by the fisher, and he can only judge of it through catching each sort and observing which are the correct proportions, and perhaps restoring some, if the law will allow it.

Fishing Notes from Maine.

[From the Belfast Republican Journal.]

—The mackerel have nearly all disappeared from our bay, after a much longer stay than usual. A few are still caught, however. Prof. Baird is said to be of the opinion that there will be a full supply of large mackerel next season. It takes from four to five years for mackerel to mature; last year there was an abundance of small fish, of presumably two or three years' growth; this year has witnessed a large catch of medium fish, with a scarcity of small grades; next year a good catch of large fish may possibly be accompanied by a scarcity of medium grades.

—The silver hake is sometimes taken in nets in the bay. It is not much esteemed by our fishermen, though it is said to be exceedingly sweet and palatable when quite fresh, but soon becomes soft and tasteless. It is sold in the St. John market under the name of "whiting." The geographical range of this fish appears to be from Cape Cod northwardly. It is a most voracious fish and is of roving habits, following the schools of herring of which it devours large quantities.

—It is estimated that one thousand barrels of mackerel have been caught in Belfast harbor this year.

Notes From the New York Aquarium.

—Mr. John E. H. Harvey, well known as an operatic manager, is now in charge of the amusements and has been giving Pinafore with an excellent company, including the famous beauty, Maude Branscombe. He will follow with the operas of *Maritana*, the *Bohemian Girl*, *Fatinitza*, and the *Doctor of Alcantra*, in weekly succession. No more circus, we hope.

—Professor Baird has presented a splendid specimen of the southern fresh water turtle, known as the "alligator snapper," *Macrochelys lacertina*, weighing one hundred pounds, one of the strongest and most ferocious of reptiles who crunches our ordinary terrapins as a news-boy in a theater gallery crunches the fragrant peanut.

—Mr. Roberts says that they have got through carting fish in from the front door and shoveling them out at the back one. The fish are now healthy and in good order.

—Mr. R. F. Hamilton, formerly press agent of this institution, is back again at his old place. An excellent move.

FISHING AT ETRETAT.—The small fishing craft are what is called "clinker-built," and are outfitted with great dexterity. They seem to come and go like birds. The fishing trade of Etretat is very different from what it was twenty or more years ago. The kind of fish taken varies, of course, with the season. The mackerel, the only fish which is now certain in the waters of Etretat, is plentiful during the Summer months. The herring is taken toward the end of Autumn. This fishing is not confined to the immediate vicinity, but extends to the waters of Dieppe, and is generally so remunerative as to support the fishermen's families during the Winter. In earlier times the variety of fish was much greater. Then the roadstead of Etretat supplied shoals of whiting, soles, dabfish, etc. Mullet, barble, and greyling were to be found at the two extremities of the bay, while eels swarmed in the half-fresh "fontain" and streams. Oysters and crabs paved, so to speak, the bottom of the harbor, and lobsters filled the holes and corners of the rocks. *Eheu fugaces!* We do not find them now. The thick and sluggish conger is still brought to shore at every tide, and besides these indigenous fishes, the accounts of ancient mariners tell of the presence of almost every marine living treasure that could be clad in silver and golden scales. But the absence of the herring is the subject of Etretat's deepest and saddest regret. This wandering fish, which comes down each year from the north to enrich the coasts of Normandy, no longer makes its appearance, as in times of old, in immense shoals, but is eaten, as experts say, by the dogfish, which follow like vultures in the rear of a great army.—*London Society*.

A PEN PICTURE OF A FISHERMAN'S LIFE.—The fisherman has a harmless, preoccupied look. He is a kind of vagrant that nothing fears. He blends himself with the trees and the shadows, all his approaches are gentle and indirect. He times himself to the meandering, soliloquizing stream. At the foot of the water-

fall he sits, sequestered and hidden in its volume of sound. Then, what acquaintance he makes with the stream! He addresses himself to it as a lover to his mistress; he woos it and stays with it till he knows its most hidden secrets; it runs through his thoughts not less than through its banks; he feels the fret and thrust of every bar and boulder; where it deepens his purpose deepens; where it is shallow he is indifferent; he knows how to interpret its every glance and dimple. I am sure I run no risk of overpraising the charm and attractiveness of a well-fed trout stream; every drop in it as bright and pure as if the nymphs had brought it all the way from its source in crystal goblets. When the heated and soiled and jaded refugee from the city first sees one he feels as if he would like to turn it into his bosom, and let it flow through him a few hours. It suggests such healing freshness and newness, could he ever have an impure or unwholesome wish afterward! The next best thing he can do is to tramp along its bank and surrender himself to its influence.—John Burroughs.

"—THE FLIES!"—Once in a great while, says the New York Telegram, the telegraph brings us incontestible proof that princes and princesses are like common folk, of the same flesh and blood; that they scratch when they itch, and sometimes itch where they can't scratch. A case in point is that of the experience of the Princess Louise, at Metapedia, Quebec. She has been up in that neck of the woods, among the Micamac Indians, with her husband and the Duke of Argyll and his daughters. The fishing we are told has been good, but other things than fish bite up there. The sacred person of her Royal Highness was invaded by the flies, and not even Micamac grease, nor one of the posts set up in the highlands by the famed ancestor of her husband, could bring her any ease. Her afflictions dismayed the party, and they vented their feelings after the manner of irate Britons. The New York World chronicles the fly-tine agony in verse, a few lines of which we append as a sample of the whole:

"The Duke of Argyll, like a bomb,
Roars, 'Dom!—the flies!'
The Marquis, as mild as a lamb,
Bleats, 'Dam!—the flies!'
The Princess, much worried by them,
Sobs, 'Dem!—the flies!'
Her sister-in-law, quiet and slim,
Sighs, 'Dim!—the flies!'
And the servants and oarsmen, glum,
Growl, 'Dum!—the flies!'"

A PLAN TO RE-STOCK OUR HARBOR WITH FISH.—Assistant U. S. Fish Commissioner, Mr. T. B. Ferguson, was at the Bangor House recently for the purpose of consulting with Hon. E. M. Stillwell, one of the fish commissioners in this state, in relation to the hatching houses and fisheries in Maine. We learn that Mr. Ferguson will have the management of the codfish hatching house which the government propose to establish at Gloucester. It seems that an experiment was first made in this direction last year, when some codfish spawn was taken, and after being hatched the little fish were placed in Gloucester bay, and this year, much to the surprise of the fishermen, this water is full of young codfish. The spawn will be obtained from the fishermen who carry the fish alive to the market, by means of wells arranged in their vessels, and the spawn will be hatched by the aid of a machine recently patented, that gives the water in which the spawn is placed the required motion. If the works prove successful the harbors on our coast will be re-stocked with codfish.—Bangor (Me.) Whig.

TROUT IN THE TRUCKEE.—The fish commissioners have decided to place 500,000 young trout in the Truckee river, to replace those that have been so rapidly and senselessly taken out. A few years ago the Truckee was full of fine trout, but the barbarous red man and more barbarous white man used every device, legal and illegal, until at last it was an utter impossibility to pass up the river to the spawning grounds. Giant powder killed them by multitudes, young as well as old being thus killed, spearing captured many more and what escaped these and kindred illicit contrivances were sure to fall a prey to the baskets and traps put on the dams that have been erected contrary to law. As a natural consequence the river has been become almost depopulated of its finny beauties, and man's avariciousness has compelled an artificial restoration.—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

THE SCULPIN.—Did you ever catch a sculpin? Of course you have, and ten to one you broke the second commandment when you caught sight of its ugly countenance. We have been examining the authorities on fish and fishing to discover if there is any way to avoid the sculpin, and find that there is one, and only one. You can only cut Mr. Sculpin's acquaintance by pulling up killick when he becomes too numerous, and trying your luck elsewhere. The sculpin is said to be not a bad article of food, and is a favorite with the Greenlanders, but as they also eat candles and blubber—the Greenlanders, we mean—they will hardly be accepted as authorities on diet by civilized communities. As for the sculpin itself it has a very healthy appetite and the digestion of an ostrich. It devours small fish, crabs and sea-eggs; indeed, nothing comes amiss to the sculpin.—Belfast (Me.) Repub. Journal.

HOW OYSTER BEDS ARE WATCHED.—The oyster planters along the Connecticut shore have found it necessary to watch their beds. There are lawless men who will watch their chance to push out from some cove, or come in from the sound and steal their bivalves. Hence a watchtower has been built at Long Wharf, in New Haven, in which a man is kept night and day. Another is built on the flats that run out from the West Haven shores. Still others are kept off the Light House Point, and at a point off Branford harbor. The oyster planters share the expense of such provisions for keeping their property from thieves, each paying according to the amount he has at stake. It sometimes seems as if the state ought to share some of this expense, as it does in the case of property protected on the land. Of course the sheriff arrests on the water as well as on the land.—Sea World.

A GOOD WAY OF DESTROYING THE KINGFISHER.—Caledonia, N. Y.—Editor Chicago Field:—I have found, during the past summer, that the best way of ridding a trout stream or ponds of this most destructive and persevering poacher, is to set steel traps for them. I had some small traps sent me from Boston, and I have found them sure death every time. It was a small round trap with the tail piece as on the common trap, and was readily fastened on the end of a pole, say fifteen feet long, and put up along the stream or around the ponds. I have shot many but find that the trap is always ready. J. ANNIN, JR.

Small Fry.

—This item is now presented for our belief, and is curious, if true: "A curious thing about the fish in the Yellowstone river is, that below the falls the trout are fine fellows for table use, but above the falls the fish are wormy. It is no trick at all for a fisherman to land three hundred trout in ten hours, provided his arm doesn't become tired and the bait holds out; but the fish are unfit

for use after they have been caught. No trout has ever been caught above the falls that did not carry a worm somewhere under its scales. Millions of these fish die of the worms and float over the falls, where they become the prey of the gulls."

—Who is the author of the riddle on cod? It wants polieb, but it is clever enough to make one surprised that it is not more generally known. The riddle, it will be observed, is given double:

Cut off my head, and singular I am;
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail, and, wondrous fact,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.

What is my first? It is a sounding sea.
What is my last? It is a flowing river.
And in their mingling depths I wander free,
Parent of sweetest sounds, though mute forever.

—The following carefully prepared table shows the chances professional men have of catching fish when they go fishing:

Table with 2 columns: Profession and Chances. Includes Doctors (7 in 50), Lawyers (3 in 50), Editors (10 in 50), Artists (2 in 50), Architects (12 in 50), Book-keepers (8 in 50), Merchants (13 in 50), Professors (1 in 50), Unknown small boy, with straw hat and broken suspender (49 in 50).

Since the London Sewage has been carried down to a point on the Thames several miles below the city, fish have deserted that part of the river, and Dutch eel wherries which used to tow fish in perforated boxes astern of them can no longer do so.

—The Salt Lake Tribune says: Through the hot Summer months our inexperienced fishermen have been diligently feeding the mountain trout with flies, worms, grasshoppers, etc., placed on the end of a small string. The result is plain: When our friends get home the trout is compelled to rely upon his own resources for food, and naturally its habits of the Summer are broken into, and a long season of toil and trouble is at hand. Last year the serenity of the trout family was unusually disturbed by similar actions, and it is not at all improbable that severe and effective measures will be adopted by them this Fall to prevent its occurring further.

—An honest looking and hitherto voracious old gentleman of Warren, Va., is desirous of making affidavit to the truth of the remarkable statement that, as he was crossing a ford of the Shenandoah River, recently, his favorite shepherd dog, which was following him, suddenly disappeared under the water after a hard struggle. Turning back to find the cause of this phenomenon he saw that a monster bass had seized the dog by the tail, and before the frightened animal could extricate himself he was carried under three times and narrowly escaped drowning.

—The carp in the ponds of the United States Fish Commission, at Washington, have made wonderful growth; one was recently taken weighing nearly five pounds. This was one of the original fish brought from Germany some three years ago, and could not be more than three and a half years old. Mr. Hessel, the superintendent, says that they have even exceeded their growth in their native land, where he has had much experience. These are the fish for the warm ponds of the Southern States.

—This season's salmon catch on the North Pacific coast has been lighter and less profitable than for years. The consequence will be that next season but a portion of the fisheries will be in operation, which will be fortunate, for should the catch continue for a few years as it has in the past, salmon in those waters would be scarce and thin. This industry on the north coast has grown into considerable proportions, the product of which goes to overstock the market.

—The unlucky fisherman always protests, on coming home, that he only went on the trip for the benefit of the air and a dip in the water, and that he did not expect to catch anything, anyhow; while the man who has had a successful day's sport makes a great display of the fish and modestly asserts that he went off to get the air and take a swim, and didn't pay much attention to fishing or he could have caught a ton.

—A black bass was discovered in the center of a cake of ice at Rondout, N. Y. It had been locked up there for eight months and was frozen stiff when cut out. It was placed in a sprinkling pot containing cistern water, and in half an hour showed signs of life. Now, according to the Albany Knickerbocker, it occupies a place in a globe on the counter at a drug store, and is as lively as it ever was.

—The Fiji Islanders were very much disgusted by the corsets worn by the last lot of female missionaries sent there. The hungry but ingenious natives say that if white women are to have as many bones as a shad it really doesn't pay to import them.

—An immense run of salmon recently went up Salmon river, Idaho, specimens of from twenty to fifty pounds being caught. So plentiful were the fish that people had to stop catching them from sheer inability to preserve them.

—Our ambition to have our list of fish commissioners absolutely correct to date was such that, although we saw a member of the New York Commission almost weekly, we wrote to the president of it for an official list.

—The Chinese at Yankee Fork, Idaho, find catching and drying salmon for the Winter more profitable than mining, and it is expected they will keep the camps supplied during the dreary months.

—At Yankee Fork, Idaho, the new mining camp, the miners amuse themselves by shooting the big salmon as they disport themselves in the translucent waters.

—A Wilmington (N. C.) man picked up a terrapin egg and put it in his pocket. A few days afterward he found a young terrapin there. The egg had hatched.

—Beware, says the Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald, of having anything to do with anglers. Fishing is catching.

—A double-shell race—clams.

FISH EGGS.—If you desire Fish Eggs or Young Fish consult Shaw & Co., Box 1038, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—(Advt.)

THE AUDIPHONE.—At last there is "something new under the sun," which, simply described, is this: Messrs. Rhodes & McClure have invented the audiphone. It is, in shape, something like a palm-leaf fan, made of a vulcanized rubber composition, which, placed against the teeth, collects the sound vibrations, carries them through by the bones and nerves of the head to the nerve of hearing, and thus assists a deaf person to hear. Many experiments have been made, and no case of deafness has yet been discovered that cannot be successfully met by the use of this instrument. It has been tried on persons of all degrees of deafness and in every case has enabled them to hear distinctly. It is convenient—may be used as a fan—is not at all ungraceful, and is the most useful invention of the age for the deaf.

SUMMER'S HEAT relaxes the system and renders us liable to attacks of diarrhoea, dysentery, bloody flux, cholera-morbus, cramps in the stomach, colic, and other painful and dangerous affections for which Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed—compounded from the best French brandy, Jamaica ginger, smart-weed, or water-pepper, anodyne, soothing and healing gums and balsams, is a most potent specific. It is equally efficacious in breaking up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks. Every household should be supplied with it. Fifty cents by druggists.—(Advt.)

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1879.

St. Louis Kennel Club show. St. Louis, Mo., October 7, 8, 9 and 10. Chas. Lincoln, Supt. C. H. Turner, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 20.

International Bench Show, London, Ontario, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, 2, and 3. Chas. Lincoln, Supt.; W. C. L. Gill, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 15.

Richmond, Va., Show, Oct. 28th. Entries close Oct. 21. Wm. C. Knight, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

National American Kennel Club's field trials, Nov. — J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo., Sec'y.

COURSING.

Pacific Coast Coursing Club's meeting, Nov. 6.

Dog Training—(Concluded).

BY ONEIDA.

Although I have now given my system of dog training, and might, perhaps go no further, yet as there are one or two things that I find I have omitted to say in my former letters, not, perhaps absolutely necessary in all cases, yet that may be of use to some, I will give them here. In the lessons in retrieving I forgot to say that when the pup is being trained to carry the feathers, you should, in calling him to you, with the feathers in his mouth, always use only the word "fetch!" Thus, having been taught the meaning of the word, he will the more readily know what it means when used in his final lesson of picking up off of the ground the feathers you desire him to bring. I have not thought it worth while to say anything of teaching a dog a systematic range, as, in proportion to the whole number of those who keep dogs, there are so very few who care to have their dogs range according to rule. I do not wish it thought that I am one of that number who seem to think a well-confirmed, systematic range a superfluous accomplishment.

On the contrary, I hold that, all other things being equal, it makes a difference of \$50 in value between two dogs, the one having it and the other not. If any one of my readers should take it into his head to purchase a grown—and otherwise made—dog, and train him to retrieve, and should the pupil be hard-headed, and obstinate in disposition, he may find it necessary to convert his force collar into a spike collar. Get a moderately fine steel-knitting needle and cut it into lengths of three-eighths of an inch. Sharpen one end of each piece and have the other end smooth and blunt. Take your force collar and drive the sharp ends of the wires into the wooden balls, leaving only one-eighth of an inch of wire with the blunt end to project.

Fill each ball full of these wires, thus, and you have a spike collar severe enough for the most determined of dogs; but I would advise a thorough trial with the plain balls first. Occasionally you may get a dog that will bite his dead birds before, or while bringing them. Put the force collar on him, and have in your pocket a dead bird stuck full of wires, slightly sharpened at both ends, and rather more than long enough to reach through the dead bird. Walk out with your gun, and have the long check cord fastened to the force collar on the dog. Let him range off some distance, and then fire off a barrel when he is not looking, and drop the spiked bird. After your dog has dropped to shot, and you have loaded, order him up, get hold of the cord, and bid him "find dead." The moment he picks up the bird and bites it he will punish himself, and in all probability, drop the bird. Now jerk the cord and make him fetch it. It will not take many such lessons to make him tender-mouthed. Sometimes you may get a dog that will bite and kill in retrieving all wounded game, and yet bring dead game without ruffling a feather. You must break him as you did the other, substituting a live bird for the dead one. Here is the way. Get a tame pigeon and tie its legs together, and clip the feathers of one wing, make a light leather belt to fit round the bird just back of the wings. Drive it full of common carpet tacks with the points projecting outward, put it on the bird, and then hide your bird in the field on the ground, and, with the collar and cord on the dog, take him out thus, and proceed as you did with the dead bird. If the tacks are sufficiently long there will be no cruelty to the pigeon, though he will, no doubt, be pretty well scared. If you work it right, that dog will soon learn that it is dangerous to bite game, living or dead. And now, in closing, I will say a word or two on the care of the dog. Give him plenty of exercise at all times, and by all means let him have a run in the early morning hours, and a bath before breakfast. After his bath see that he runs till his coat is entirely dry, then, if you can possibly spare a few minutes time, give him a good brushing, and then his morning feed. Feed but twice a day, giving him mush and vegetables, and see that both are well cooked. Avoid all grease and gravies as you would poison; do not feed but twice a day, and do not gorge him with food. He may have some well-boiled meat once a week, but not—in my judgment—oftener. For those who keep but one dog, the table scraps of a moderate sized family ought to be sufficient feed for him; but beware of the fat and grease, for it causes surfeit and mange. Where only one dog is kept a common roomy dog house with double pitched roof is the thing. The doorway should be square, and have a swinging door, slightly smaller, to hook on and off. Have the hinges at top of door so that it will swing in and out and keep closed by its own weight. Each side of the roof should be made in one piece, and the two halves hinged together at the top, and the whole fastened to the house by hooks and staples. In hot weather take off the swinging door and unhook the roof at the eaves and raise it up an inch or two and fasten it there, which will make a cool draught through the house. For bedding, I like clean dry sawdust for Summer, and pine shavings for Winter. Keep the outside of the house well painted, and the inside should be whitewashed at least once a month.

Reader, I have done. If I have failed to instruct, I hope I have at least helped you to while away an idle hour.

(THE END.)

The Pomeranian or Spitz Dog; Also Called Loup-Loup.

Within the last twenty years this dog has been largely imported from Germany and France, in addition to those bred in this country; but, nevertheless, he has not become so general a favorite as was expected, owing in some measure to the fashion of the day tending toward the fox-terrier and colley, and also to the temper of the dog, which is too short and snappish to make him fit to be trusted with children. It is true that the colley has the same disposition, but not quite to the same extent; and, being a better traveller with horses and carriages, he is more suited to act as a companion in country rides and drives than his more delicate rival. Whatever may be the cause, it cannot be denied that the colley is the more general favorite; and at our large dog shows, while his classes are filled by scores, those of the Pomeranian dog are only made up of units.

In his native country the Pomeranian dog is employed as a sheep dog, for which he is fitted by his peculiarly woolly coat and ample frill, rendering him to a great degree proof against wet and cold. Like the colley, he is impatient of control in playing tricks, and indeed can seldom be taught to display them

even for a time, his intelligence not being of a very high order—at all events, if the attempt is made in any direction but that of his peculiar calling, for which, as far as I know, he has never been employed in this country. But he is always cheerful in the house, generally free from smell either of coat or breath, and readily taught to be cleanly in all his habits. He has not the fondness for game generally exhibited by the colley, and on that account is more suited to be a ladies' pet, nor is he so pugnacious as that dog, being as a rule inclined to run away rather than fight, when the choice lies between those alternatives. From these peculiarities it may be gathered that he is quite up to the average in his fitness to fill the position of companion.

The following are the generally recognized points of this dog, though hitherto no attempt has been made to define them:

POINTS OF THE POMERANIAN DOG. Table with 3 columns: Point Name, Value, and Total. Points include Head, Muzzle, Ears and eyes, Shoulders, Chest, Loin, Legs, Feet, Coat, Color, Tail, and Symmetry.

1. The head (value 10) is very wide between the ears, and tapers towards the eyes still more than in the colley, resembling the head of the fox almost exactly. Upper surface flat, with a slight furrow down the middle. There is a marked occipital protuberance, but not so much pronounced as in some breeds. Brow sufficiently raised to prevent a straight line.

2. The muzzle (v. 5) tapers from the cheeks, which are wide, to the point of the nose, which is very fine and fox-like. The tip should be black. Lower jaw generally shorter than the upper.

3. Ears and eyes (v. 5).—The ears must be small and pricked, resembling the fox in shape, and only very slightly exceeding them in size. A large ear is a great defect, even if properly pricked. The eyes rather large, and generally of a dark brown or hazel color. Eyelids generally set obliquely.

4. The shoulders (v. 5) are greatly hidden by the frill, but they must be oblique and muscular.

5. Chest (v. 5) round, and rather deep; but the back ribs are generally very short, leading to a nipped loin.

6. The loin (v. 10), owing to the above cause, is often weak, if examined carefully beneath the thick coat, which conceals this defect.

7. The legs (v. 10) are generally straight and strong, with elbows well let down, and clean hocks. Any defect, therefore, in these points must be severely penalized.

8. The feet (v. 10) are cat-like, and rather small; toes well arched, but the soles are apt to be thin and unfit for road work.

9. The coat (v. 15) is of a peculiar texture, differing from that of all other dogs in its resemblance to coarse fur rather than hair. It is so marked in this respect that the under-coat, which exists as in the colley, can scarcely be distinguished from it. The frill is of the same character, but rather more hairy in the texture of its long fibres. It is quite as full as in the colley, in the best specimens, and when deficient should be estimated accordingly. In the black varieties the coat is more hairy, and has even a tendency to be silky. In the best strains the coat stands out uniformly from the body like that of the cat, without any disposition to collect in flecks or wavy curls. The fore legs are slightly feathered, but the hind are quite clean. The face is quite bare of all but very short hair.

10. The color (v. 15) should be a dead flake white, without any mixture of yellow. A patch of fawn is often to be seen on the head or body, but it is very objectionable. There is a black variety highly prized in Germany, though apparently the produce of a cross, as the texture of coat and size of ears are very different from the best specimens of the white breed.

11. The tail (v. 5) is tightly curled over the back, shaggy, and rather short than otherwise.

12. In symmetry (v. 5) this dog equals most of his competitors, all his several component parts being in good proportion.

The specimen I have selected for illustration is only of average perfection in the shape of body and head, but his coat is highly characteristic of the true breed. He took the first prize at the late Islington show of the Kennel Club.—London Field.

The Richmond, Va., Show.

The following is the premium list of the bench of dogs to be held in Richmond, Va., Oct. 28th, during the Virginia State Agricultural Society's exhibition: WM. RUSSELL ROBINSON, Chief, JOHN L. GRUBBS, Superintendent.

- Class 1.—English Setters—dogs—judged according to Stonehenge's English type. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 2.—English Setters—bitches—judged according to Stonehenge's English type. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 3.—Irish Setters—red, or red and white dogs—judged according to Stonehenge's Irish type. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 4.—Irish Setters—red, or red and white bitches—judged according to Stonehenge's Irish type. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 5.—Black and tan, or black, white and tan Setters—dogs—judged according to Stonehenge's Gordon type. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 6.—Black and tan, or black, white and tan Setters—bitches—judged according to Stonehenge's Gordon type. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 7.—Native Setters—dogs—judged according to Stonehenge's English type. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 8.—Native Setters—bitches, judged according to Stonehenge's English type. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 9.—Pointers—dogs, judged according to Stonehenge, and without regard to whether he is over or under 55 lbs., but size to be considered when very large or small. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 10.—Pointers—bitches, judged according to Stonehenge, without regard to her weighing over or under 50 lbs., but size to be considered when very large or small. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 11.—Fox hounds—dogs—judged by Stonehenge's points. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 12.—Fox hounds—bitches—judged by Stonehenge's points. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 13.—Best brace of Fox hounds—either dogs, bitches, or dog and bitch. First prize, \$10.
Class 14.—Collies or shepherds—dog or bitch. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 15.—Beagles—not over 12 months—dog or bitch. First prize, \$10; second prize, certificate.
Class 16.—Beagles—Best brace, \$10.

Prize winners of any grade may compete in any class above named, but no exhibitor will be permitted to exhibit his pedigree or prize winnings until after the awards are completed and announced. Entrance fee, \$2. Application to be made on or before the 21st day of Oct. to Wm. C. Knight, secretary, accompanied by entrance fee, and printed numbers and tags will be furnished. After which the dogs will only be known by their numbers, until judged. Pedigrees will only count when two or more dogs are of equal intrinsic merit.

PUPPY CLASSES—ENTRANCE FEE \$1.

- Class 17.—English setter puppies—dogs, over 6 and under 12 months, certificate.
Class 18.—English setter puppies—bitches, over 6 and under 12 months, certificate.
Class 19.—English setter puppies—dogs, under 6 months, certificate.
Class 20.—English setter puppies—bitches, under 6 months, certificate.
Class 21.—Red, or red and white puppies—dogs, over 6 and under 12 months, certificate.
Class 22.—Red, or red and white puppies—bitches, over 6 and under 12 months, certificate.
Class 23.—Red, or red and white pups—dogs under 6 months, certificate.
Class 24.—Red, or red and white pups—bitches, under 6 months, certificate.
Class 25.—Black and tan pups—dogs, over 6 and under 12 months, certificate.
Class 26.—Black and tan pups—bitches, over 6 and under 12 months, certificate.
Class 27.—Black and tan pups—dogs, under 6 months, certificate.
Class 28.—Black and tan pups—bitches, under 6 months, certificate.
Class 29.—Native setter pups—dogs, over 6 months and under 12, certificate.
Class 30.—Native setter pups—bitches, over 6 months and under 12, certificate.
Class 31.—Native setter pups—dogs, under 6 months, certificate.
Class 32.—Native setter pups—bitches, under 6 months, certificate.
Class 33.—Pointer pups—dogs, over 6 and under 12 months, certificate.
Class 34.—Pointer pups—bitches, over 6 months and under 12, certificate.
Class 35.—Pointer pups—dogs, under 6 months, certificate.
Class 36.—Pointer pups—bitches, under 6 months, certificate.
Class 37.—Collie pups—dog or bitch, over 6 and under 12 months, certificate.
Class 38.—Collie pups—dog or bitch, under 6 months, certificate.
Class 39.—Fox hound pups—dog or bitch, over 6 months and under 12, certificate.
Class 40.—Fox hound pups—dog or bitch, under 6 months, certificate.
Class 41.—Beagle pups—over six months old, and under 12 months, certificate.

JUDGES.

John S. Wise, Richmond, Va.
J. Wm. Foster, Leesburg, Va.
Judge Theo. Garnett, Norfolk, Va.
For further information address, W. Russell Robinson, or John S. Wise, Esq., Richmond, Va.

To Keep Dogs Healthy.

The dog days, presided over by Sirius, alias Canicula, are past and gone, and with them, we fear, all the warm weather. We have heard of very few cases of canine rabies; and we would have expected more this Summer than last, owing to the disturbed state of the atmosphere, the bad, depressing weather,



MRS. M. E. PROSSER'S JOE.

and absence of genial sunshine. However, we had a case about a month ago of supposed rabies. The animal, after biting one man, was sent to us. Certainly, had the dog got loose, and taken refuge in a police office, he would have been shot—with a spade perhaps, for policemen, as a rule, are bad marksmen; they first wound the dog with the gun, then complete the job with a spade. But as the case in question presents some curious features, and teaches a lesson, we shall give a report of it. Meanwhile, the dog reposes at our feet in his right mind.

In our district it is raining now as if it never would cease raining, and blowing big guns. As a rule we like a fine day to wash in, but if fine days will not come, what then? And the dogs will get wet, whether you like it or not, unless you have ample awnings to spread. But give them lots of exercise after it; it is good for the dogs in this weather, and good for master, and good for man.

We find large boxes extremely handy in this weather, as our yard is brick-floored. We lay the boxes on the side, with the mouth toward the door of the yard, because dogs like to see how the world wags. When it rains they creep inside, should it happen to shine they get on the top.

Well, although potatoes are going, other greens are very plentiful; so be generous in their use, only do not overdo it. See that the stools are neither too dark nor too loose. Oatmeal now and then in this weather seems to be useful. We believe it keeps out the cold. Puppies require special attention to keep them in health during sloppy days. Keep them dry if you can, and warm. Feed bitches giving milk most generously, and let the breakfast be abundant. A light supper makes them sleep, and keeps all snug and quiet for the night.

We were obliged for the Rev. E. Spencer Tiddeman's letter. We had not tried petroleum on the body of any dog, and like Mr. T. we mean to be somewhat cautious in its use when we do. Of course, it can only be efficacious in those cases of mange which are caused by parasites. As a remedy for a real case of eczema, depending upon a depraved state of the blood or constitution, its application could only be hurtful. We said "caused by parasites," but we ought to have added the word external, because, internal parasites also cause skin disease. We are talking now to amateurs, for every experienced dog-fancier knows this well, that it is difficult to keep the skin of a dog in good form until you have got him right, inside.

By the way, we can safely recommend the use of the trinitrate of bismuth for dogs with irritable mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels; dose, from three, for a toy, to twenty grains for a mastiff, twice or thrice a day before meals. We give it be-

fore meals because we are not altogether convinced that its action isn't in some measure mechanical. It is an excellent sedative (we had almost said emollient) tonic. Its action on the bowels, however, should be watched, as it is apt to bind.

For toys we especially recommend bismuth. These little fellows are apt to pick up garbage that doesn't quite agree, and they suffer for it afterward. Well, a tiny dose of castor oil (the purest), followed by a three-days' course of bismuth with charcoal biscuits, will put them all to rights.

As long as we are on this subject, we may as well mention that a mixture of equal parts of trinitrate of bismuth and powdered gum arabic, blown up the nostrils now and then with a quill, frequent bathing of the head with warm water, a dose of Minderus spirit, from 1/2 oz. to 2 oz. at night, if the inside of the thigh is hot, or a good dose of opium if it be moderately cool, followed by castor oil in the morning, is capital treatment for the slight colds which pet dogs are subject to.

The weather at present is a sort of 'twixt and between, neither one thing nor another, but the sun is strong when it does shine, and dogs ought by no means to be exposed to it without the possibility of shelter. We have often seen dogs die of coup de soleil, but although in some cases the fatal result seemed almost instantaneous, in others death was more gradual, and in one or two hastened by the barbarous practice of dashing buckets of cold water over the poor animals. X. PERIENCE, in Live Stock Journal.

A HAIR SHEDDER.—New York.—Editor Chicago Field:—A very good hair-shedder for smooth-coated dogs (pointers, foxhounds, greyhounds, pugs, etc.) may be made by any person, in the following manner: Take a piece of stout leather, such as trunk strap or sole-leather, eight or ten inches long, and about two inches wide, and, with a sharp knife, notch one or both edges into pointed teeth the size of buck-saw teeth or larger. Rub the dog with the indented edge of the leather, in the direction in which the coat grows, and the shedder will remove the loose hair easily and thoroughly. Dampen the instrument and it may "take hold" even better. The following named soaps, though not intended for that purpose, I have found very satisfactory for washing dogs: Glenn's sulphur soap, Packer's all-healing tar soap, and Colgate's white harness soap. The last named, as a plain washing soap, I consider very superior, it being oily in its composition, and having no tendency to leave the animal's coat harsh and dry. H. W. L.

A VISIT TO FRANKLIN COUNTY.—Sioux Falls, Dakota.—Editor Chicago Field:—While in northwestern Iowa and southwestern Minnesota, I had some splendid shooting over my Rob Roy-Di bitch Magic. She has done some splendid work. I think so much of her that I have made arrangements with Mr. W. T. Irwin to breed her to his imported dog Penn. I shall expect something fine from their union. As I passed through Franklin Co., Iowa, I called on Messrs. Clock, Tidd & Waddington, of Geneva. I found them sportsmen that it is a pleasure to meet. Mr. Waddington seemed to take great pleasure in showing me his dogs, which I greatly admired. I was especially pleased with one of his Rob Roy—Daisy pups. She is marked almost exactly like my Rob Roy—Di bitch, Magic. I should like very much to own her, but Mr. Waddington will not part with her. I can heartily endorse all that Shamrock said in a recent number of the CHICAGO FIELD, in regard to Mr. Waddington and his kennel. H. G. McM.

FOR FLEAS.—Springfield, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:—Having seen lately several inquiries how to get rid of fleas in dogs, I will tell you my experience for the good of sportsmen. My kennels are made of dry goods boxes, set about two inches from the ground so the air can pass under them. First, on the bottom of the kennel floor put a handful of carbolic powder, then about one inch thick of red cedar sawdust, if you can get, if not red cedar shavings; then make the bed of good, clean oat straw or excelsior. Change the straw every three or four weeks and you will have no fleas. W. J.

PACIFIC COAST COURSING CLUB.—The Pacific Coast Coursing Club have decided on Thursday, November 6, for holding their Fall meeting. Modesta will probably be selected as the place for the meeting. The following private matches are to take place at Point of Timbers, November 1st: Mr. Tunsted's Minnehaha against Mr. Devan's Pride of the Canyon, for \$250's a side, and the Pacific Coast Coursing Club's Jemima against the Pioneer Coursing Club's California Boy, for \$500 a side.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—We are pleased to learn from the Turf, Field and Farm that there is every probability that the field trials proposed to be held in the vicinity of New York are likely to be an accomplished fact. Our cotemporary intimates that Robin's Island, Long Island, will be the place, and the first week in December, probably, the time. Two years ago we suggested that field trials should be held in the East, and from time to time since have urged action be taken toward holding them. We are glad to see that the seed we planted is likely to yield a good harvest.

COUNT BENDIGO.—Mr. T. Donoghue, of LaSalle, Ill., has purchased from Mr. John D. Olcott, the Irish water spaniel puppy by Whitman's Bob, out of Olcott's Bridget, which we mentioned a few issues since as the finest of the breed we had ever seen. Mr. Donoghue is to be congratulated on the purchase; and we hope he will prove as serviceable to him in the field as he is handsome, as it was on the strength of our notice of him that Mr. Donoghue bought him without seeing him, and at Mr. Olcott's price. Mr. Donoghue claims the name of Count Bendigo for him.

THE JOB JR.—GLADSTONE MATCH.—We understand the match between Champion Joe Jr. and Champion Gladstone will take place the latter part of October, and in the barrens of Tennessee, near Columbia. Captain Patrick Henry will be the judge for Mr. Bryson, and Major Minnick Williams for Mr. Campbell. If they think it necessary the judges will select a referee.

THE ST. LOUIS SHOW.—The Chicago and Alton Railroad will issue tickets October 6th good to the 11th, at one and one-fifth fare to St. Louis and return from all points in Illinois, and at one fare from all points in Missouri. This will afford those attending the great St. Louis fair and dog show held in connection with it, very cheap transportation.

ALL ARE INVITED.—St. Louis, Mo.—Editor Chicago Field:—During the fair week and dog show our store will be kept open until 10 p. m. It is the office and headquarters for the dog show, and we shall be glad to see all visiting sportsmen at our place where they will meet with a hearty welcome. BROWN, HILDER & CO.

PEERESS FOUND.—We are pleased to learn from Mr. Snellenburg that he has found Peeress. He writes: "We made it so warm for the thief that he set her at liberty."

THE TOPEKA KENNEL.—This club have made the liberal lot of twenty-five entries at the St. Louis Dog Show, consisting of pointers, setters and spaniels.

LOFTY.—The Kentucky Kennel Club has entered Lofty for exhibition at the St. Louis bench show.

Sales.

ROB—PET WHELPS.—Mr. C. H. Tidd, Geneva, Iowa, has made the following sales from the Rob—Pet litter: To Messrs. Geo. H. Hitchcock, Quincy, Mass.; Geo. Waddington, Geneva, Ia.; Fred M. Rubee and John Vincent, Hampton, Ia., each a dog; and Messrs. Geo. M. Woodbridge, Jr., Marietta, O., and Henry Welland, Geneva, Ia., take a bitch each.

DANNY AND JEANIE.—The Variety Breeding Kennel have purchased of Mr. J. H. Kraft his pair of Scotch terriers, Danny and Jeanie. They are good ratters and mousters, very strongly built, and a terror to rats and cats. The bitch lately killed a coon several pounds heavier than herself, and won a bet of \$25.

MINNIE.—The Variety Breeding Kennel (Topeka, Kansas), have purchased from Mr. E. F. Stoddard, the pure bred, Yorkshire terrier bitch Minnie. She is two years old, was imported last Spring and shown at New York, where she won V.H.C., in a large class. Her weight is six pounds.

ARTHUR.—Mr. N. P. Harrison, Chicago, Ill., has purchased of W. N. Brainard, Esq., of Evanston, Ill., the red Irish setter dog Arthur, by champion Rufus out of Erinell (Ducats' imported Tipoo—Ruby). Arthur was bred by Mr. C. B. Woodford, Evanston, Ill., whelped Feb. 16, 1878.

PENN—FANNY DAINTY WHELPS.—The Topeka Kennel have sold to Mr. Jas. Brier, a black and white ticked dog puppy; to Mr. Wm. F. White, general ticket agent, A. T. and S. F. R. R., a black, white and tan dog pup; also to Mr. Minor, Waukegan, Ill., a dog puppy.

DYKE R.—Mr. J. T. King, Jacksonville, Ill., has purchased from Mr. J. R. Schaefer, Bloomington, Pa., the black, white and tan setter dog, Dyke R, whelped May 13, 1877, by Rob Roy out of L. F. Whitman's Meli.

BRUSSELL'S—SALLIE WHELPS.—The Topeka Kennel have bought of Mr. Presby, three of the litter, out of his Sallie by Brussells, they are large size and beautifully marked black, white and tan, and blue beltons.

STELLA.—Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., has purchased of Mr. Robt. Southoff, South Windham, Me., the red Irish setter bitch puppy Stella, by Champion Berkeley, out of Aura (Blarney—Eileen).

BRUSSELL'S—FANNY ELLISER WHELPS.—The Topeka Kennel have purchased from Mr. H. R. Bostwick (Atchison, Kansas), two of the Fanny Elliser (Rob Roy—Pickles) bitch puppies, sired by Brussells.

A YOUNG LAVERACK—LEMONADE.—Mr. C. H. Raymond, Morris Plains, N. J., has sold an English setter puppy of his Lemonade's litter by Young Laverack to Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.

ROSE.—Mr. Henry W. Livingston, New York, has purchased from Messrs. Lincoln & Helyar, Warren, Mass., the lemon and white pointer bitch Rose (Snap Shot—Gypsy), whelped Sept. 24, 1878.

CLYDE.—Mr. Geo. H. King, Charlotte, N. C., has purchased of Mr. F. H. Andrews, same city, the lemon and white dog puppy Clyde by Scout, (Rock—Kirby) out of his Vashli (Rake—Fanny).

A BOB—BRIDGET PUPPY.—Mr. John D. Olcott, Milwaukee, Wis., has sold to Mr. T. Donoghue, La Salle, Ill., an Irish water spaniel puppy, six months old, by Whitman's Bob, out of Bridget.

JUNO.—The Topeka kennel have bought of Mr. D. Everance, a fine small-size liver and white pointer bitch, two and a half years old named Juno, from the Aelen stock, Junction city.

DAISEY MOORE.—Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., has purchased of the Belle City Kennel, Racine, Wis., the black and blue-ticked bitch Daisey Moore, by Rake out of Daisey.

SEPOY.—Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., has bought of Mr. L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Ontario, Sepoy (Llewellyn setter dog) by Gladstone out of Mersey (Leicester—Dart).

STAMPS.—Mr. S. J. Bestor, Hartford, Conn., has sold to Mr. John A. Burnham, Jr. the cocker spaniel dog Stamps (Snip—Fairy), color, liver and white ticked legs.

BARMAID.—Mr. L. H. Smith, Strathroy Ontario, has sold to Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., Barmaid by Paris out of Peeress.

Visits.

LIVY—PENN.—The Topeka Kennel's black and white bitch Livy (Dan—Lill II, sister to Leicester) to their recently imported black, white and tan dog Penn (champion Rock—Fussy).

MOLLIE—FIDY.—The Variety Breeding Kennel's black and tan King Charles spaniel bitch Mollie, to their black and tan King Charles spaniel Fidy.

MINNETONKA—FAUST.—Mr. Chas. A. Zimmerman's liver, white and ticked pointer bitch Minnetonka to St. Louis Kennel Club's champion Faust.

REGENT—SLEAFORD.—The Topeka Kennel's lemon and white imported pointer bitch Regent to their champion pointer dog Sleaford.

BELLE—BEAU.—The Topeka Kennel's black and tan Burdette cocker spaniel bitch Belle, to their Burdette cocker spaniel dog Beau.

FLOSSIE—BEAU.—Mr. Lincoln's black and tan spaniel bitch Flossie the Topeka Kennel's Burdette cocker spaniel dog Beau.

ROSE—RUSH.—Mr. Henry W. Livingston's lemon and white pointer bitch Rose to Mr. Edmund Orgill's Rush (Flake—Lillie).

POINT—SLEAFORD.—The Topeka Kennel's liver and white pointer bitch Point to their champion pointer Sleaford.

JEANIE—DANNIE.—The Variety Breeding Kennel's Scotch terrier bitch Jeanie to Dannie.

ROSE—PENN.—The Topeka Kennel's lemon and white belton bitch Rose (Rock—Pickles) to their Penn.

JUNO—SLEAFORD.—The Topeka Kennel's liver and white pointer bitch Juno to their champion Sleaford.

EDITH—PENN.—Dr. A. M. Calahan's black and tan bitch Edith to the Topeka Kennel's Penn.

SPRITE—SNIP.—Mr. F. Pitcher's cocker bitch Sprite to Mr. S. J. Bestor's imported Snip.

Names Claimed.

IOWA QUEEN AND DAISEY MOORE.—Belle City Kennel, Racine, Wis.—Editor Chicago Field:—As Mr. Whitman had provisionally claimed the name of Prairie Queen. I wish to claim the name of Iowa Queen for black ticked and tan bitch, by Rake, out of Daisey. I also claim the name of Daisey Moore, for black and blue ticked bitch, by Rake, out of Daisey. R. M. BOYD.

STAMPS, SENIOR AND SALLY.—Mr. S. J. Bestor, Hartford, Conn., claims the names of Stamps and Senior for dogs, and Sally for bitch puppy, by imported Snip, out of Fairy. Color liver, and white ticked legs.

BLAZE.—Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., claims the name of Blaze for his lemon and white English setter puppy, whelped Feb. 26, 1879, by Raymond's Young Laverack out of Raymond's Lemonade.

CLYDE.—Mr. Geo. H. King, Charlotte, N. C., claims the name of Clyde for his lemon and white setter dog puppy, bred by Mr. F. H. Andrews, out of his Vashli (Rake—Fanny), by Scout (Rock—Kirby).

ISLAND PETE AND DIAMOND.—Mr. Cary Seldon, Seldon's Island, Md., claims the names of Island Pete and Diamond for his liver and white pointer pups, by Mr. G. H. Nixon's Brace, out of his Spot.

SNIBAD II.—Mr. F. F. Hilder, St. Louis, Mo., claims the name of Snibad II. for his Irish water spaniel puppy, by S. A. Kaye's Pat (Snibad—Liffey), out of Mr. H. S. Brown's Fan.

COUNT BENDIGO.—Mr. T. Donoghue, LaSalle, Ill., claims the name of Count Bendigo for his Irish water spaniel by Whitman's Bob, out of Mr. John D. Olcott's Bridget.

DUD.—Mr. C. H. Tidd, Geneva, Ia., claims the name of Dud for black, white and tan dog pup by Drake, out of Fly, purchased of Mr. Geo. H. Hitchcock, Quincy, Mass.

Whelps.

BELLE.—The Variety Breeding Kennel's large black Newfoundland bitch Belle, whelped 6-4 bitches and 2 dogs, by Rover.

FROST.—Dr. W. A. Strother's Frost has whelped 7-3 dogs and 4 bitches, by Gladstone. One of the dogs has since died.

MINNIE.—The Variety Breeding Kennel's imported Yorkshire terrier bitch Minnie, whelped 2-1 dog and 1 bitch.

PETREL II.—Mr. J. C. Higgins' Petrel II. (Pride of the Border—Petrel), whelped Aug. 23, 2—by Lincoln.

Rifle.

Mr. John E. Graham's Feat.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I enclose you the following account of Mr. John E. Graham's attempt at Oak Hill Driving Park, with a rifle to beat Carver's record of 885 balls in 1,000. He used a .32-calibre Remington rifle and the Carver composition target balls made by the Carver Target Ball Co., at Greenville, Pa. The balls were tossed up by Jno. J. Loomis at a distance of fifteen feet from the shooter. The score was kept by Jos. W. Loomis, one of our most correct and reliable citizens. The result was as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Shot number, Missed, Broke. Rows 1st to 10th.

Total missed 56 Total broke 944

He made a run of 107 straight without a miss. The wonderful feat of breaking 944 out of 1,000 was a surprise not only to the spectators but to Mr. Graham himself. On the morning before the shoot he expressed himself as being confident he could beat Carver's best record, which is 885. This was the first time he ever shot at 1,000 balls in one match.

When Carver made his great record he shot at twelve feet distance. This entitles Mr. Graham to the championship of the world.

After this match was finished Mr. Loomis paced off sixty feet and at that distance tossed up seven balls at least thirty feet high and Mr. Graham broke six in succession with his rifle. Out of fifteen pennies tossed up at short range he hit twelve.

After witnessing this wonderful exhibition of his prowess the feeling of the spectators was manifested by lusty cheers for the young hero, who is now champion of the world.

Lake View vs. Atlantic.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The following is the scores of the telegraphic match between the Lake View Rifle Club and the Atlantic Rifle Club, of Atlantic, Iowa. Sept. 27, 1879. Distance, 200 yards; position, off-hand:

Table with 2 columns: Lake View Team, Atlantic Team. Lists names and scores.

Grand total 250

Grand total 258

The Atlantic boys are winners by eight points, their score being a very excellent one. I do not know what the weather conditions were at Atlantic, but for Lake View it was the worst that it could be for rifle shooting, blowing a shifting strong wind during the whole time. I think Atlantic would have won at any rate on such fine shooting.

BRADLEY, Sec'y.

SAVANNAH, GA.—Editor Chicago Field:—Below I hand you my score shot before the members of the Savannah Rifle Association, in a contest of 100 consecutive shots, wiping after every 10 shots. Time taken to finish, two hours.

Table with 2 columns: Shot number, Score. Rows 1st to 20th.

Grand total 429

Shot by Geo. Allen in a match with R. R. Dancy, 100 shots, off hand, Sharps' military rifle, 6 lbs. pull of trigger, Sept. 19, 1879.

BOSTON, MASS.—Editor Chicago Field:—The 1879 Fall meeting of Massachusetts Rifle Association occurs Oct. 9 and 10 at Walnut Hill. There are three events of importance. The programme as it appears in the Boston Herald is as follows: "The short-range handicap match—distance 200 yards, rounds seven, winners to be determined by two best scores, Creedmoor rules to govern—is for fifteen prizes, valued at \$150, the first prize being a Winchester repeating rifle worth \$40, second man getting \$20 in cash, and third winner a fine pair of opera glasses, valued at \$10. Competitors in the match will be divided into five classes: Members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association will be classified on their record, and non-members will be required to submit a memorandum statement of (1) the highest score ever made by them, and (2) the two best scores made by them in 1879. A handicap list of all members and all non-members entering on or before Oct. 7, will be posted at the range, and non-members entering after that date will be handicapped by the executive officer on the range.

The long-range handicap is also for fifteen prizes, valued at \$101, the first being a French clock, value, \$30; second, cash, \$15; and third, a Huddleston hypograph, \$10. The match is open to all comers; distance, 900 yds.; rifle and position, any within the rules; entry fee, \$1; re-entries permitted; winners to be determined by the aggregate of the two best scores of each competitor. By the rules, competitors are to be divided into five classes, the first class to consist of those who have made 212 and over in any match at the three long-range distances, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards; second class, those who have made from 206 to 211 inclusive; third class, 200 to 205 inclusive; fourth, 194 to 199 inclusive; and fifth, 183 and under; each class to be handicapped one point in the aggregate of the two winning scores when compared with the winning scores in the next lower class. In estimating the value of the two winning scores they shall be shot off in the usual manner.

Sighting shots will not be permitted in any of the matches, but bull's-eye practice will be allowed at all ranges throughout the meeting when the targets are not required for scoring. The two handicaps will be called at 9 o'clock a. m., on the first day, and will be continued through both days. The main match will be shot at 2 p. m., first day. All prizes will be awarded at the close of shooting on second day, unless the matches are carried over to a third day on account of the weather.

DOUBLEYOU.

WEST END, N. J.—Editor Chicago Field:—In the match for the Sharp's mid-range rifle, shot at the Columbia Rifle Association range, Sept. 15, some extraordinary shooting was done. A. G. Holcombe made not long ago 199 out of a possible 200, which was truly remarkable; but at the last competition perfection was almost attained. Following are the best scores:

Table with 2 columns: Name, Score. Rows Rathbone, Holcombe, Falco.

The beginner's match—100 yards, ten shots, any rifle—was then shot, and resulted as follows: C. J. Falco, 43; Col. B. F. Hart, 42; F. Dudley, 41; W. O. Weatherbee, 40; J. K. Gorkman, 40; S. Parrish, 39.

W. E. C. F.

BOSTON, MASS.—Editor Chicago Field:—The Raymond Sportsmen's Club shot as usual at Bellevue range, on Saturday last. Following is the score, 10 rounds, 200 yards.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Score. Rows J. S. Bennett, J. R. Teele, D. Kirkwood, G. B. Blanchard, G. E. Everett, J. Harten, J. C. Smith, C. P. Gleason.

DOUBLEYOU.

NORTHWESTERN RIFLE RANGE.—Chicago, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:—The fourth contest for the Giles Bros. silver cup took place over the Geo. H. Thomas' Rifle Club range Sept. 27. The wind blew almost a gale from 8 to 11 o'clock; as a result the scores are below those made in former contests. Conditions—200 yards, strictly off hand, 2 sighting and 15 scoring shots, open only to members of Thomas Club. In the shoot off of the tie between Freeman and Tyrrell on the three contests, Freeman won, which made him the winner for the second time. The following is the score of to-day, J. O. Hobbs winning on shoot off of ties on 64.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Score. Rows Hobbs, Freeman, J. A., Arnold James, Freeman, D. B., Tyrrell.

Shoot off, ties on 64.

BOSTON, MASS.—Editor Chicago Field:—The regular Saturday shoot at the Walnut Hill range, on Saturday, in the 200 yards stage of the "Silverware" match, included 39 entries. The best scores follow:

Table with 2 columns: Name, Score. Rows W. Charles, E. F. Brooks, J. Nichols, E. B. Souther, C. M. Meigs, N. J. Stephens, H. Roscoe.

DOUBLEYOU.

RIFLE AT ATLANTIC, IOWA.—Atlantic, Ia.—Editor Chicago Field:—I enclose you our score made in practice to-day at 300 and 500 yards. For some time past we have not been shooting much, but to-day the interest seemed to be reviving and we had a good time. Some of the boys did not complete their scores at the 500 yard range, and are not given.

300 yards.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Score. Rows Norton, Nye, DeLano, Mauldin, Gould, Aldrich, Ford, Egan.

We hope to send you some good scores when we get into practice and before the winter shuts us off the range.

DES.

AFTER CARVER.—The Virginia City, Nevada Enterprise states that: "Dr. John Ruth, of Oakland, who has lately come to the surface as an expert at rifle shooting, gave an exhibition of his skill at the Trotting Park. He undertook to beat Dr. Carver's record of breaking 885 glass balls out of 1,000, and succeeded, his score marking 907. Having thus established his claim of being the champion rifle shot of the world, Mr. Ruth was presented by the Golden Gate Fair Association with a handsome championship medal. He is about to leave for Australia."

CHICAGO, ILL.—Editor Chicago Field:—The Lehr and Weir Vereln (amateurs), shot at Colehour, on Sept. 21, six targets, 200 yards, 2-inch bull's-eye, a hit counting 12; five shots, possible 60. The following is the score of the ten making the best shots. The prizes were two Springfield rifles and eight Remington revolvers.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Score. Rows Schleunmyer, Wallenberg, Schultz, Nelson, Buhner.

SOCIAL GUN CLUB, PHILADELPHIA.—This club have scheduled their club days on their grounds at Riverton, N. J., as follows: Second Saturday of each month, trap shooting; third Saturday of each month, glass ball shooting; fourth Saturday of each month, rifle practice.

PHENIX VS. POTTSTOWN.—On Saturday, the 8th inst., the rifle team of Company K, Capt. Graffen, Sixth Regiment, at Pottstown, Pa., shot a match with the Phenix team at Phenixville, Pa., the score being: Phenixville, 178; Pottstown, 129. Distance 500 yards.

Amusements.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.—Denman Thompson's inimitable "Joshua Whitcomb" has held the entire attention of great audiences at McVicker's for a long and happy month. He was admired. He will be remembered and ever again will be welcomed by a Chicago audience. This week comes "Lotta," the charming little favorite and bundle of impromptu wit and persistent fun. Marsden's "Zip," or Point Lynde Light, will be her opening, followed by "The Two Sisters," at Wednesday's matinee and Little Toddlekins. On Monday, Oct. 6th, Lotta will appear as "Musette." Perhaps she will favor us with "La Cigale" ere she takes her leave of the city.

HAMLIN'S THEATRE.—Since its opening as a legitimate theatre, Hamlin's has been a success, and is well attended. This week Oofy Gooft's New York Combination, embracing a powerful cast of characters, appear in the great dramatic sensation, "Under the Gas Light." Several new songs by the original Oofy are well sung and quite pretty. We are glad to see the change for the better made at this pretty theatre, and it is pleasant also to note its growing favor with the better class of theatre goers. Mr. Hamlin deserves and will achieve great things if he continues the present line of amusement. Mr. C. S. Ritz, his able assistant, is well known and effective.

THE EXPOSITION.—The great attraction for strangers, and the school of art and industry which is now upon the Lake Front, is known as the Inter-State Industrial Exhibition. It is full and complete in every department, and is a perfect display of science and invention. The art department is complete and is a most interesting study. The interest grows with each succeeding visit, as new devices in machinery or household furnishing create new ideas in the mind of the visitor. It is suggestive of improvement, and advancement, and in its variety and usefulness is particularly American. Music is continuous, day and evening.

HAVELY'S THEATRE.—Mr. McCullough's successful engagement has closed. Heavy tragedy at Havely's will be succeeded by another extreme, in the appearance of Nick Robert's reconstructed Humpty Dumpty and double specialty company. Three clowns, the trained elephant Bolivar, the performing donkey and a Brazilian ape are to appear. This is an appearance of real flesh and blood. They have been carefully trained, are quite tractable, and it is really a menagerie and circus combined with slight-of-hand wizard-like transformations. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. J. H. Haverly, manager.

THE ACADEMY.—Across the river, at Emmett's Academy of Music, Oliver Dond Byron is to present his familiar and popular drama, "Across the Continent." He will be well supported by a favorite star company. The new additions to the attractive bill of amusement, are the best specialists in their line, and promise new features. One glance at the bill, another at the house and an evening's attention to the stage is the order of the unwritten programme of manager Emmett's patrons.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Belle Howitt and her New York Burlesque company this week play "The Forty Thieves" and introduce a long and varied variety bill, in which new faces appear. Yank Adams, the orator and finger billiardist, is also an attraction this week. Mitchell & Sprague are presenting a fine array of features, which are duly appreciated by the public, who are regular in their patronage.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.—The performance begins with Pinafore—and ends in Pinafore. Rice's Evangeline Combination are making quite a stay. They are well received. They are well patronized. They introduce many specialties during the performance, including double hornpipe—Long Jack is every inch a sailor—Larboard Watch, Ahoy, etc. Matinees as usual. R. M. Hooley, sole proprietor and manager.

Chicago Field.

The American Sportsman's Journal.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1879.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION BELT.

Another contest has ended and the belt goes back to England. Another harvest of American dollars has been reaped by an English pedestrian. Another downfall has momentarily crushed the proud spirit and ambition of American pedestrians, who hoped to see an American hold the belt on this side of the Atlantic.

The contests were original with Sir John Astley. In the land of their birth, and among the athletes of the world's best records, interest in them died an early death. The gold, bagged by a winner in America, equalled the wealth of the Indies, and hither came an army of athletes. Of these Rowell has been the most fortunate. Indeed no other of the forty-one contestants who have competed in the five international races in London and New York, for this championship emblem, and in fact no athlete ever before, since athletes existed, has received as much money in two performances as has Chas. Rowell, of Chesterton, Cambridge, England, the winner of the fifth race, and the present holder of the belt.

In the first match eighteen men started, and O'Leary, won in March, 1878, in London, doing 520 1/2 miles. In the second match, in New York, in October, 1878, two started and O'Leary again won with 403 miles. In March, 1879, in New York, the third "go-as-you-please" took place between four contestants and Rowell won by a score of 500 miles. Four men were in the fourth "mix" in London, in June, 1879. Rowell forfeited, and Weston won by the best score on record, 550 miles. The fifth contest, just closed at Gilmore's Garden, New York, Sept., 1879, had thirteen competitors. Rowell again is the winner. But three men have ever held the belt—Weston once, and O'Leary and Rowell twice each. When O'Leary brought home to America this trophy of the Long Distance Championship of the world, we were proud. We were first winner. We hoped to be permanent owners. Then Rowell came and took away the coveted prize.

Tired of America, who was likewise tired of him, Edward Payson Weston, then in England leading an eccentric life, for a moment grew sensible, and at Islington last June, added up the columns of figures, that numbered the miles, that swept out all previous records for the belt, gave him the match, and brought us back the trophy, for which we as a people gave him a public reception in New York that would have honored a king, and we praised the "Father of Pedestrianism." We welcomed him back to his home at Providence, and we asked if we could depend upon him. He said "Yes," and we believed him. We tried him and found him wanting. He began a six day's pantomime by knocking off men's hats with his cane, carrying a tin cup on his stick, making faces, and grimaces, and allowing inferior men to almost distance him. We hoped that Weston had reformed. We knew him once as the champion of great expectations and corresponding disappointments—the mountebank of walkers, and the clown of pedestrians. We admire anything practical. If our cricketers can defeat the gentlemen's team of Ireland, at Philadelphia, in a single inning, we take a national pride in the victory. If our scullers can plow ripples in the Tyne that no foreigner can count, we glory in the powers of our champion; but when Weston failed to hold his honors, do his duty and keep the belt, when there was a whisper of doubt as to his intention and earnestness, when it seemed as if that convenient nail in Rowell's boot was affecting Weston's "delicate and sensitive organization" to such an extent that fun on the track instead of figures on the blackboard, was his fort, then we thought of his language when he landed from the steamer in New York harbor, and that there was some truth in his remark that he "would have taken it to Australia if he could." He did not have American interests at heart. But when he found the country wild over his victory, free with its welcome, and crazy upon pedestrianism, he retracted all unkind remarks about his countrymen, and excused his utterances upon the plea of excitement and indisposition. It is charitable to say that Weston is mentally off. Ferdemeyer whose "fend" like freak was to wheel a barrow from ocean to ocean, across the continent, or Norman Taylor whose existence was prolonged only by the exclusive consumption of "pie" were not more pitiable in their failures—as expected—than was Weston's performance as clown of the sawdust. To-day Weston is broken in health, broken in mind and broken everlastingly in reputation.

With Rowell the winner—plucky, deserving and successful—it is different. He saved himself for this contest. The taste of American money last March was sweet to the little trotter, and he knew that in New York instead of London a good performance would be financially appreciated. It is extremely doubtful if any man can win the Astley belt in three successive matches. The strain is possibly greater than the human frame can bear. Rowell is aware of this and perhaps that "nail" was an impromptu creation. Had he burned out the remaining nerve force of a tired body, by a June struggle in London, after his great New York effort in March last, he would have been in the same pitiable condition in this match, as was O'Leary when he lost his form, his fame, and the belt.

His performance shows that his wits worked as well as his muscles, and as a consequence he will go home proud in name and fame, and independent in pocket. Twenty thousand at one time and twenty-four thousand dollars at another are the champion's earnings. To it he is welcome, because he has earned it, and had he not been so unfortunate as to be ill at the last moment, he would have probably carried out his schedule of six hundred miles.

This international race has been without precedent in the number of contestants who have passed the 450 mile limit, which entitles them to a share in the gate receipts. In the first race three got in; in the second none; in the third three; in the fourth two; in the fifth seven. In this race the money is divided one-half receipts—and all stakes to first, and the balance pro-rata, in proportion to distance covered.

The net earnings being about \$48,000, the division will be nearly as follows:

Rowell	\$24,000
Merritt	8,640
Hazael	5,760
Hart	3,840
Guyon	2,400
Weston	1,440
Ennis and Krohne each	960

It is useless to attempt to figure out from records, and surmise what might have been. No two pedestrian performances are made under the same exact physical conditions. Yet one of the men who came after the winner, in all human possibility, could have, under other circumstances, made the pace hotter for Rowell. Frank Hart, the Boston colored man, or "Black Dan," as he is known (a protegee of O'Leary's) thinking the match postponed, had just made the best 12 hour—six days' record at Providence, and entered this race a tired man. His work is alike creditable and marvelous. Merritt is just finding out what is in him; a future struggle, with Merritt trained and in condition, will be anxiously looked for. Ennis knows already to his sorrow what is in him, and his greatest struggle is with his stomach. Guyon, poor fellow, had hosts of friends, a handsome form, and an enviable heel and toe record, but the track did not suit him; his leg gave out and he fought a deathlike combat with nature and ambition, before which stronger men might have quailed. His performance showed him to be a man of wonderful pluck and able to stand an immense deal of punishment.

Every man cannot win. This fact may console those who failed to get a place. The lesson to them and to a countless number of anxious amateurs should be of value. In this age of competition, every man must know his business. Occasionally some one shoots to the front like a meteor, but only too soon to be lost to sight. Untried men share no place beside trained athletes of authentic record. Jackson and Dutcher belonged among the spectators rather than the performers, and the phenomenal speed of future "dark horses," like the mythical Yuma Indian, will be taken *cum grano salis*.

The following table of distances, will show the number of miles covered at the close of each consecutive twenty-four hours of the six days' race, also the best previous records of the contestants:

Names.	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Fourth Day.	Fifth Day.	Sixth Day.	Best Previous Record.
Rowell	127	215	310	402	453	530	500
Merritt	110	198	287	368	443	515	475
Hazael	100	186	276	368	437	500	492
Hart	110	194	273	339	415	482	382
Guyon	115	200	270	345	415	470	480
Weston	95	173	251	322	405	455	550
Ennis	102	181	230	310	378	450	475
Krohne	90	160	233	307	383	450	461
Taylor	81	103	150	180	213	250	None
*Dutcher	23	23	286
*Panchot	100	154	205	205	480
*Jackson	98	160	230	232	232	None
*Ferdemeyer	85	130	220	288	288	None

*Withdraw.

SANTA CLAUS.

The recent phenomenal performance of the five-year-old Santa Claus at Sacramento Cal., in which he defeated a field of seven seasoned horses in three unbroken heats, in the remarkable time of 2:18, 2:22, and 2:24, is well worthy of more than brief mention; as it tends in a great measure to prove that early maturity does not always necessarily imply early decay. The sensational features of the trotting turf of a year or two past have been made remarkable by the records scored by aged horses, but their importance drift into insignificance when compared with the remarkable performances of the youngsters of the present year.

The best previous record of a five-year-old was that of Gov. Sprague at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1876, where 2:20 1/2 was recorded against him, and the most singular coincidence of the covering of this record by another horse, is their identity in breeding, each being the same number of removes from Hambletonian and North American; Gov. Sprague getting the cross to North American through his sire and to Rysdyk's Hambletonian through his dam; while Santa Claus gets them both through his sire.

Santa Claus was bred by John M. Donnell, Montgomery Co., Ky., and was sired by Strathmore, out of a mare inbred to Mambrino Chief, the blood of the grand dam being strongly back-stitched with that of the thoroughbred. He was first named Count Kilrush, and his first performance in public was in 1877, where in a race for three-year-olds in which he was placed third, he attracted the attention of Mr. George H. Brassfield, who subsequently purchased him, and in his hands trotted a trial in 1:11. Col. John W. Conley, now manager of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, anticipating a visit to California during the following winter, selected as an investment, from the stock of Col. West, in Kentucky, a few choice bred brood mares, and this well bred young trotting stallion was added to the lot.

Upon their arrival the mares were speedily sold to Governor Stanford, but the colt was not looked upon with favor, and was left on Col. Conley's hands. The youngster however was not long begging for a new owner; a Mr. Finnigan, a wealthy stock operator of San Francisco, became the purchaser on the sole representations of Col. Conley, and the transfer was made without any trial. There was, however, a contingency in the price, implying a large sum if the colt should trot in a race in 2:24, or better. Col. Conley has recently had the gratifying assurance, through private advices from Mr. Finnigan, that the colt can trot a mile in 2:14 or better, and as he has trotted and won four races recently in fast time, his wonderful performance of 2:18 is made only the more confirmatory.

Santa Claus has now the second fastest stallion time on record, to his credit, and as he is remarkably steady, with a sound constitution, a further lowering of his record is a mere matter of the future. In possessing the dam of this wonderful colt, Col. Conley is peculiarly fortunate, as he owns a colt, now by her side, a full brother of Santa Claus, and of great promise, upon which a valuation of \$5,000 is placed.

PERSONAL.—The well-known Guido and Mr. W. A. Williams, of Memphis, Tenn., after a long and successful prairie chicken shoot in Minnesota and Iowa, were in the city Saturday, Sunday and Monday last, and left for Marquette, Wis., where they go for duck shooting. . . Mr. Wm. E. Cooke Moorhead, of Georgetown, D. C., who had just returned from a very successful prairie chicken shooting trip in Nebraska, left on Monday last for Winneconne, Wis., in anticipation of some fine duck and snipe shooting. . . Mr. S. F. Duncan and wife, of Chicago, are at the Lake View House, Winneconne, where Mr. Duncan has gone for duck shooting. . . Mr. S. A. Tucker, the representative of Parker Bros., was at the Tremont on Saturday last, and left Monday en route for Salina, Kansas, to attend the Kansas State Sportsman's Association meeting which commences on Tuesday next the 6th inst. and continues until Saturday the 11th. From there he goes to Kansas City, to the Missouri State Sportsman's Association meeting, which is on the 23, 24, and 25. . . Mr. P. G. Sanford, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., was in the city for a day or two, last week. . . Dr. Samuel Choppin, of New Orleans, who has had fine prairie chicken shooting in Minnesota, was in St. Louis last week and joined the National Amer-

ican Kennel Club. . . Mr. J. T. King, of Jacksonville, Ill., is in the city. . . Mr. R. B. Morgan, of Canton, Ohio, is at Bavaria, Kan., where he will probably remain for a month or two, taking in the Fall quail shooting.

THE JEROME MARBLE PARTY.—The Jerome Marble party are on their annual shooting excursion, in their palace car, the City of Worcester. Mr. Marble writes us from Battle Creek, Iowa:

"Our first point at which we stopped for shooting was at Sac City, where we found chickens fairly plenty. We arrived at this place the 19th inst. The result of our first day's shooting was 141 chickens for about three-fourths of a day. I believe there are more prairie chickens here than in any part of the West. A perfect paradise for the hunter—later on, ducks and geese and deer are very plenty. I have a party of twelve ladies and gentlemen from different parts of New England, all in pursuit of health and health-giving sport. There seems to be no end to the courtesies extended to our party by the officials of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad. Every man seems to exert himself to the utmost to make the trip a pleasant one. We are out for a two and a half months' trip, and when we leave Iowa expect to go to Nebraska and shoot along the Platte river, and if the Indians are not troublesome, take a big game hunt from Fort Steele."

THE RICHMOND SHOW.—The Agricultural Society have added another feature of attraction to their state fair this year at Richmond, Va., by giving a bench show, Oct. 28, the premium list for which will be found in full in our kennel department. The association have selected as judges, gentlemen who will command the confidence, both by their knowledge and social position, of every one. They are Mr. John S. Wise, of Richmond, Va., Capt. J. W. Foster, of Leesburg, Va., and Judge Theo. Garnett, of Norfolk, Va. The entries close Oct. 21, and should be addressed to Col. Wm. C. Knight, secretary, Richmond, Va. The Colonel, we learn from the Richmond Dispatch, has ordered a supply of "meat febrine" biscuits, and proposes to have every provision made for the comfort and safety of the dogs. The sportsmen of Richmond are anxious to have some of our northern cracks present at the show. It is needless to promise those who may attend a hospitable reception.

THE FISH-CULTURISTS MEETING.—As we go to press the prominent fish-culturists are gathering at the Palmer House for the meeting on the 1st, and several valuable papers have been announced as prepared to be read as soon as the organization is completed. Dr. Garlick has sent one on "Early Fish-culture in America;" Col. McDonald on "The Virginia System of Fishways;" Mr. Douseman on "Trout-culture for Market;" Mr. Mynster on "Trout-culture in Iowa;" Mr. Shaw on "Stocking the Inland Waters;" Mr. Paxton on "The Fisheries of Detroit River;" Prof. Goode on "The Menhaden;" Mr. Mather on "The Uses of Coal-tar in Fish-culture;" and others whose titles are not yet announced, but which will all be published entire in our columns.

A CHALLENGE.—In our trap shooting department will be found a bold challenge from Captain Bogardus, in which he offers to match himself to break more glass balls than any six men in the world, he, moreover, allowing each man two hundred balls in every thousand, or in other words he to shoot at six thousand balls and the six men at four thousand eight hundred.

A GRAND TOURNAMENT.—On Thursday, Friday and Saturday next, October 9, 10 and 11, a grand shooting tournament at wild birds will be given at the Red Stocking Park, St. Louis, Mo. The tournament is open to the world, and an abundance of birds has been secured. Mr. W. W. Judy, 613 North 5th St., St. Louis, is the manager.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! TOWN LOTS! TOWN LOTS! Nice wet town lots! Come up, gentlemen and establish a fish pond. Here is your natural pond. Every lot is a pond. Cheap as water. Only a thousand per cent. advance on purchase. Your last chance to propagate the cat-fish in Summer and the polar bear in Winter.

THE CHICAGO JOCKEY CLUB.—Mr. J. H. Haverly, well known as one of the most popular as well as successful theatre managers, has purchased Messrs. Lawrence & Martin's interest in the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, including stock, club house lease and pool privileges.

A CHANGE IN THE RULES.—The committee on Field Trial rules of the National American Kennel Club have made the following changes: Pointing, 35 instead of 30; backing, 8 instead of 10; obedience and disposition, 7 instead of 10. The total remains the same.

OUR GUN TRIAL.—The arrangements for our gun trial are being rapidly completed, and we expect soon to be able to decide on the date definitely. It will take place somewhere about October 15 and 20.

SHOOTING NOTES.—The quail shooting opened on the 1st, and from all we can learn, promises to be good. The extraordinary drouth continues, and the ducks and snipes are still rustivating in their Summer homes.

For Diving Decoys see "wants and exchanges."

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1879.

Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Salina, Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.

Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, Kansas City, Oct. 22, 23, 24 and 25.

Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association—at call of president.

Famous American Sporting Writers.

BY WILL WILDWOOD.

Editor of Forester's "Fugitive Sporting Sketches."

BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES—NUMBER II.

CHARLES LANMAN.

The distinguished author and diplomat, Charles Lanman, known as widely by his public services as through his admirable works on angling and kindred sports—may be very justly termed the greatest of American sporting tourists. Mr. Chas. Lanman was born in Marquette, Michigan, June 14, 1819, and received his education in Connecticut, at the Plainfield Academy. He visited the metropolis of the East soon after finishing his educational course, and obtained there a situation as merchant's clerk, in which capacity he acted during the next ten years. While in

New York he manifested a taste for literary pursuits by preparing an entertaining little volume entitled "Essays for Summer Hours," which was published in 1842. His career as an angler very naturally began at a much earlier period. While yet in early youth he found it a rare pleasure to "go a-angling," and seldom lost an opportunity to participate in that gentle pastime. His earliest literary work betrays him a devout disciple of quaint old Walton.

Having decided upon a literary career, Mr. Lanman, in 1846, became editor of the *Monroe Gazette*, Michigan, and soon after took a position upon the staff of the *Cincinnati Chronicle*, as associate editor. The following year (1847) he returned to "Gottham," where he was engaged on the editorial corps of the *New York Express*. In the meantime his fishing tours had afforded food for reflection as well as charming sport, and his experience and adventures as a follower of the angle were in the year last mentioned gathered in a volume which was published by Appleton & Co., under the title of "A Summer in the Wilderness." This volume, like the preceding, proved decidedly popular, and he was thus stimulated to prepare a third book of wild sports and adventures, which appeared in 1848. This was entitled "A Tour to the River Saguenay," and was followed in the ensuing year by "Letters from the Allegheny Mountains," a descriptive volume of travel and scenery. These popular books, like his "Records of a Tourist," published in 1850, were the productions of leisure hours, and were composed, for the most part, of essays which had formerly appeared in the various journals with which he was connected. Always a careful observer, an ardent admirer of Nature's works, his literary productions, gathered from a wide range of scenes and places, proved not only entertaining in the highest degree, but instructive as well. His saunterings ranged from the Canadas to the Southern States; the St. Lawrence and its tributaries in the North, to the streams of the sunny South; and extended westward, as well, to the territories. He has made annual fishing tours to Canada for many years, and is recognized as one of the pioneers among American anglers who have visited the Provinces for salmon fishing. Mr. Lanman was the first American tourist to fish in, and describe, the since-famous Saguenay. His published account of the superb fishing at that point turned the attention of brother anglers to that section, and it has since been a favorite resort of adventurous lovers of rod and reel in the United States. His skill as an artist being scarcely inferior to the ability he displayed as an author, rendered the scenes which he so aptly described with the pen, and depicted to the life with the pencil, doubly attractive. He never visited the wilderness in quest of sport without his sketching materials, and hundreds of choice gems illustrative of American scenery have been the productions of the author-artist while on his vacation rambles. Many of these, transferred by the engraver's art, adorn his own works of adventure.

Charles Lanman removed to Washington many years ago, and for a time was associated with the *National Intelligencer* of that city—a journal to which he contributed numerous essays upon angling and Summer tours in the country. His angling experiences upon the Potomac River, in company with such congenial spirits as Daniel Webster, Mr. Crampton, Governor Bibb and Gen. Gibson are affectionately cherished in the memory of the veteran author. For a number of years he acted as private secretary of Mr. Webster, and the intimate relations he thus enjoyed with the great statesman enabled him in 1852 to prepare an elaborate and valuable biography entitled "Private Life of Daniel Webster." This was widely read and appreciated by the American public.

His greatest sporting work, however, was published in 1856, and entitled "Adventures in the Wilds of America." This superb addition to the national sporting literature was illustrated mainly by scenes of his own sketching, and the work reproduced several minor publications from the pen of the author—notably "A Summer in the Wilderness," "A Tour to the River Saguenay," and "Letters from the Allegheny Mountains."

The adventurous spirit and artistic taste of Mr. Lanman gained for him the appellation of "the picturesque explorer of the United States"—a compliment bestowed by Irving, and appreciated by the recipient above all other encomiums. Just previous to the publication of "Adventures in the Wilds of America" the author of that excellent work received the following characteristic letter from his illustrious friend Washington Irving:

SUNNY SIDE.

My Dear Sir:—I would not reply to your very obliging letter of September 10, until I had time to read the volumes which accompanied it. This, from the pressure of various engagements, I have but just been able to do; and I now return you thanks for the delightful entertainment which your Summer rambles have afforded me. I do not see that I have any literary advice to give you, excepting to keep on as you have begun. You seem to have the happy enjoyable humor of old Isaac Walton. I anticipate great success, therefore, in your essays on our American fishes, and on angling, which I trust will give us still further scenes and adventures on our great internal waters, depicted with the freshness and graphic skill of your present volumes. In fact, the adventurous life of the angler, amidst our wild scenery, on our vast lakes and rivers, must furnish a striking contrast to the quiet lotterings of the English angler along the Trent or Dove; with country milk-maids to sing madrigals to him, and a snug, decent country inn at night, where he may sleep in sheets that have been laid in lavender.

With best wishes for your success, I am, my dear sir,
Very truly your obliged

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In a subsequent letter bearing upon the same subject, Mr. Irving remarked: "I am glad to learn that you intend to publish your narrative and descriptive writings in a collected form. I have read parts of them as they were published separately, and the great pleasure derived from the perusal makes me desirous of having the whole in my possession. They carry us into the fastnesses of our mountains, the depths of our forests, the watery wilderness of our lakes and rivers, giving us pictures of savage life and savage tribes, Indian legends, fishing and hunting anecdotes, the adventures of trappers and back-woodsmen; our whole arcana, in short, of indigenous poetry and romance; to use a favorite phrase of the old discoverers, 'They lay open the secrets of the country to us.'" Besides the hearty commendation of Irving, Mr. Lanman was the recipient of many testimonials from such literary celebrities as Edward Everett, William Cullen Bryant, George P. Marsh, and John F. Crampton. He was consulted also by "Frank Forester" prior to the publication of that gifted sporting author's work on "Fish and Fishing."

During his residence at the national capital, Charles Lanman has held the several offices of librarian of the War Department, to which he was appointed in 1849; librarian of copyrights, State Department, in 1857; also librarian of the Interior Department in the same year, and of the House of Representatives in 1860. Since that time he has held a position at the head of the returns office in the Interior Department, and has been American Secretary of the Japanese legation for the past seven years. In 1859 he prepared an excellent work of reference entitled, "Dictionary of the United States Congress," which has been adopted by the government as a public document; and "Annals of the Civil Government," which is likewise a standard work. The former passed through three editions and the author received a liberal compensation.

Despite the public services of Mr. Lanman, which, during the past quarter of a century, have claimed a large share of his time and attention, he has been enabled, by rare industry, to contribute from time to time, works of value to the literature of his country. A few of his recent volumes are the "Life of William Wood-

bridge," issued in 1867; "Red Book of Michigan," published in 1871; and "The Japanese in America," 1873. Add to these his voluminous contributions to the public journals of America, as well as the "Illustrated News," and "Athensum," of London; his miscellaneous productions as an author and artist, whose published works number twenty-five or more, and his sketches in oil, of American scenery, which may be counted by the hundred; and the reader may gather an opinion of this real marvel of industry.

His residence in Georgetown, D. C., is furnished in a style indicating literary as well as artistic taste, and is famous throughout the "Old Dominion" for the wealth of classic stores which it contains. His home is literally a museum of curiosities, and he is known among his acquaintances as an antiquary of discretion in the collection of gems of art, etc. The house is described by a correspondent as being "small and unpretending, and is flanked by a combination of garden and lawn nearly an acre in extent, and adjoining it is the old homestead where the 'lady of the mansion' was born—something unusual in this age of transitions. The rooms are small and always open to the sunshine; fire-places and Franklin stoves take the place of furnaces; books and pictures are substituted for rich and desolate furniture, and every nook from garret to cellar is cozy, plain, and pervaded by the spirit of home." His library of perhaps 3,000 choice volumes, ranging from books of travel, sport and adventure, to works upon the fine arts, fiction, classics, etc., is the special pride of the owner. Among these are many autograph copies from the greatest of American authors, several of whom were the warm personal friends of Mr. Lanman. Notable among the pictures which adorn the walls and porfolios in almost endless variety may be mentioned the artistic productions of such gentlemen as Durand, Cole, Church, Eastman, Sully, Edmunds, Inman, Brown, Hart, and many others, including gems from English artists, and a fine array of his own paintings and sketches, illustrating wild forest scenes, etc., from the great northern lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. His collection of artificial flies and angler's materials would delight the eye of a scientific fly-fisher. Snugly packed away in an odd corner of the antiquary's real "curiosity shop" are rods, reels, lines, leaders, etc., of numerous devices—many of them valuable as relics from his fishing tours in Canada and elsewhere. The veteran angler loves well to point out to congenial spirits the killing fly which took the largest salmon captured by him; the tackle which safely landed a seven-pound black bass, and that which stood the strain of a monster striped bass—a fifty-six-pounder, which fell a victim to his prowess. His piscatory exploits, extending over a period of nearly half a century, would fill a volume, rich with anecdote and thrilling narrative. He was the first to discover a good trout stream within twenty miles of Washington, and his reminiscences of fishing in the Potomac, as recorded in his works and the sporting journals, are highly entertaining. His home is the resort of gentlemen distinguished in the fine arts, in literature, and in politics, and he is happily surrounded with—"that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." His brain is still active, his pen no less so, and the frosts of three score years seem to have touched lightly upon the versatile author, artist and angler. The pet of his household is a bright Japanese child, twelve years of age, who speaks English fluently and is rapidly gaining a classical education under the able tuition of Mr. Lanman.

A Day Among the Woodcock.

OIL CITY, PA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I was invited to become one of a trio to beat the islands of the Allegheny in the vicinity of Irvinetown, in quest of the festive woodcock. Gladly did I accept the genial companionship of such excellent sportsman and good shots as "Bell Muzzle" (H. B. V.) and "Choke Bore" (H. L.) of this city. Friday was the day fixed for our departure and Thursday preceding threatening rain, much to our discomfiture and dislike, we were naturally much exercised about the weather, and paid hourly visits to old Capt. Crowell's aneroid, and carefully noted each variation, anxious to learn what kind of weather it augured for the coming morrow.

Later in the day it rained, and as each drop came pattering down disappointment fell heavier upon us, and we watched the barometer with much doubt as it persistently stood out for "fair" in spite of the present situation. In the early morn we peeped out from our curtained windows and gazed upon the coming day. Thanks, no rain, but a heavy mist and fog hung upon the air, and we congratulated ourselves upon so auspicious an outlook. Soon we donned our hunting duds and repaired to the depot, where we met our friends in good trim and spirits, ready for the day's sport. A ride of a few hours brought us to our destination, where, after waiting for the lifting of the fog from the river, we jumped into the boat, preparatory to rowing off to the islands. As the water at this season of the year is very low, there is considerable danger in passing some of the rugged channels, requiring both skill and some nautical knowledge to pass in safety. In order, therefore, to avoid shipwreck, we were compelled to place the craft in command of a trusty and tried mariner, and after mature deliberation the choice fell upon "Choke Bore." The next step necessary to successful locomotion was the securing of a muscular crew, which honor was given to "Bell Muzzle." As I was a sort of an auxiliary to the party, out of mere compliment I received the title of first mate, although I had no voice in the management of the crew.

Soon we were bounding over the water and in a very short time touched the shore of the first island. Scarcely had we entered the dense copice before old Duke, the captain's staunch thoroughbred setter, stiffened and pointed. "Come up, Mate" the captain yelled with great gusto, "here's a point, and cock sure; stand off to the right and I'll flush the bird to you." I was all obedience, and whirr went a cock to the captain's left which that worthy shot at but failed to bag. A little further on and Duke drew again. Look out, another cock; see how beautifully Duke points! Whirr, whirr, and bang went the captain's gun, cleverly tumbling his bird. The cock retrieved, we advanced a few rods, and another point. I flushed the bird and down he came to the captain's gun again. We traversed the remainder of the island, but the ground proved too dry and we found no more birds upon it.

The crew was awaiting our approach and after much growling about the wet bushes and a multitude of other things we finally pulled off for another island. Landing, the trio entered the bush and beat in good earnest without a find. The crew grumbled worse than before and rowed us off to a more promising spot. As that fleshy individual jumped ashore, he donned his war-paint and looked dangerous. Hardly had we started out before his extraordinary dog Ike (named after Allen, of the American rifle team), put up his head and winded game. "Follow up Mate; keep that dog in sight and I'll give you a shot. Steady there Ike! To ho! hurry up, he's standing now. Whirr went a timber doodle, and I got in my work in good style. The remainder of the island proving fruitless, we again embarked.

Upon the two succeeding islands we found no birds. "Over there," pointing in the dim distance, the Captain said "we are sure of a half dozen," and after much difficulty and difference of opinion between the skipper and the crew, we ran a very ugly

channel and reached the spot of such rich promises. The Captain trotted off alone with his royal setter, and I tramped alongside of the crew. Soon the crew's staunch setter winded and stood; the bird rose badly, but the crew made a fine shot and secured him. Take care, Ike, careful; another point and one more cock for the crew, leaving me badly. Working the large Island up we found but another cock, which was bagged by the crew. At the boat we were rejoined by the Captain, who reported no success.

Night being but a few hours off, and having a good distance to row for supper and lodging, we deemed it advisable to have our crew "bend to the oar," and hurry on our way, having in all our hard hunting secured but six cocks. Our ride to the hotel was a charming one. The beauty and grandeur of the sublime scenery of the picturesque valley of the Allegheny was indeed magnificent. The setting sun reflecting its dying rays over the wood-clad mountain peaks, mingling its glory with the beautiful variegated frost-bitten foliage, presented a sight such as is only pictured in nature and by nature's God.

Upon arrival at the hotel we were greeted by mine host with the welcome announcement that supper was ready. Oh, ye gods! the sound of that word supper; the recollection almost makes me hungry now. Really, I was never so hungry in my life, not having partaken of any refreshment since very early in the morning. My comrades said naught of their condition; they were doubtless too empty for utterance, and judging from the time it took them to fill up they had the wolf as badly as I. It seemed to me the landlord did not look so pleasantly at us after the exhibition we gave him at the table as he did when we first came in. We were not long out of bed, nor long getting to sleep either, I assure you, for the violent exercise of the day proved a sweet lullaby, and soon we were dreaming of setters at point, and woodcocks tumbling in mid-air. Our dreams, however, were suddenly disturbed by distant music. Midnight music always charmed us from our earliest recollections; but after the first scale was run we were fully awake and the racket grated harshly on our ears. I listened for a more harmonious strain when I heard "Bell Muzzle" exclaim, "D—n that dog, he's singing again," and the Captain yelled out, "Go down and kill the cur!" "I'll go down and wallop him," replied B. M. I accompanied the midnight expedition to the stable, and after administering chastisement we took both dogs into the hotel bar-room, watered them, and left them to lie by the stove for the remainder of the night. The watering of the dogs, strange to say, reminded us that we were dry, but after sailing all day on the water we thought that kind of stuff too common for us to drink. We placed our hand on the knob of the bar-room door, but it was locked. We had given the dogs all the fresh water to be found, and after skirmishing through dining-room and kitchen we were compelled to drink from a dish in which the cook had rinsed her dishes. Shutting our eyes we drank long and swore deep. The night passed peacefully away, and after a hurried breakfast we took once more to the water for another day of enjoyment.

A short row brought us to good ground, and we entered upon our tramp, buoyant and full of hope. Scrambling and climbing over drift logs, piled high and dry, now tumbling headlong into some mass of rotten wood, we managed to get a cock or two. The hunt at this juncture looked blue and the find clear indigo. The Captain and his Duke were slightly off, and could not be comforted. The crew was for some cause or another in a trifle better humor, each, however, having secured but a cock each.

Later in the day, in a narrow strip, plodding wearily along beside the crew, we were delighted to see Ike come to a full point, when whirr went several cock, both of us getting a bird. Again he pointed, and the crew downed another, and another. He smiled a sarcastic smile as he bagged his birds, flushed another and coolly knocked him down, wiping my eye right and left, with well directed shots. The sport was too good to last long, and as the last bird was picked up the captain came rushing through the brush looking dejected, asking, "What in the thunder are you cannonading at," stating if there were any cock about, he wanted a hand at the shooting of them; but alas, for the poor captain, we had bagged the whole family.

Aside from the pleasure of the hunt and the glorious exercise it afforded, we had bad luck in point of game, scoring but nineteen cocks, and that, too, over ground where the same party bagged forty-one on the 4th of July. The only reason for the scarcity of birds we could assign was the dryness of the ground.

Before starting out upon this hunt our friend I. C., of the Oil City Greys solicited the donation of a few cocks, to which solicitation we cordially promised a fulfillment. We secured a brace of small herons and presented them on arrival to that individual, telling him they were "Irish woodcocks." He thought they were very fine and the largest he had ever seen, and had it not been for some one telling him of their true character the joke would have been a very practical one. I. C. got even by presenting the herons to a saloon keeper as green as he had been, who in turn set out the oysters handsomely for him.

We hope next time we give you an account of an excursion to show a better game score.
TOP SNAP.

Camp Fire Yarns.

BY MNEROSYNE.

TAMING A BEAR.

The boys had been more than usually successful, had killed a young bear, and as they were stretched around the camp-fire upon a glorious Autumn evening, it naturally suggested yarns about bruin, and many were spun in self-praise.

But Hank Overmire had taken no part in the struggle of the day, was jealous, sneered at the game, said it "wasn't bigger nor a rat," and any boy could have killed it with a potato pop-gun! "Call that ar thing er bar! Haw! Haw! Ef yer hadn't told me I should never have known what it war."

"Perhaps," answered Charley Martin, nettled at the remarks, "you have killed a larger one?"

"Bigger! Good Lord! Er five-year-old pappoose wouldn't run erway from sich er miserable skunk of er thing! That ar bar! Yer oughter seen one I killed in ther Serry Nevaders and without er gun nether."

"Killed! How?"

"With my hands and er little knife. Oh! boys, that war er tuff battle, and no mistake, war hand and tooth. Pass over ther jug until I wet my lips, and I'll tell yer something worth listening to when bars am being talked erbout."

"Don't swallow too much or the bear will be too big," whispered Dick Mayo, to whom the story was not new.

Hank cast upon him the most withering glances of contempt, took a pull at the jug, with the contents gurg-gugling down his throat as water running out of the bung-hole of a barrel, settled himself into a lying (I lieing I) position, and propelled.

"We had been having hard luck for some time; and having struck it rich determined on er big blow-out. So I started over ter Fort Bridger ter git some seasonin' ter make er kittle of pepper pot. Don't know what that is! It's lucky yer hain't down in old Pennyslavy, or even ther babies would laff at yer. Wal, it am jest ther best and hottest dish yer ever tasted. I remember eatin'

some once that burned their stockings off my feet and nearly through their soles of my boots!"

"And that is what makes you so constitutionally dry!" laughed Dick.

"Never you mind. I was talkin' of their bar, so jist put er lareat on yer jaw tackle. Wal, I started arter some seasonin'—got it—that is er leetle salt, and as they war out of black pepper ther cook—an old pard of mine—gave me some of ther red kind that he said war hotter nor ground-up chain lightnin', and it war, fer though rolled up in half a dozen papers, and then in rawhide, it jest took ther skin off yer hands as I carried it along!"

Dick shoved the jug over to Hank with a low whistle. The hint (and the whisky) was taken, and the story progressed.

"I war skirting erlong on ther side, nigh ther top of er canon when all of er sudden I heard er great tearin' of bushes and thunderin' grunts, and knew what war coming, fer I had bin thar berfore! Ef I had only had my rifle, it would have bin all O. K., and I would have laid fer ther bar and laid him sprawlin'. But I had only er miserable leetle knife; hadn't time ter git even er club berfore ther bar war on me, and him and I had it. Boys (very solemnly), I always thought I war er boxer, and thar upper dorg in er fight, but thar ar beast made no more of knockin' me down than Heenan would Tom Thumb. He war jest lightnin'. Then he sprang on me, clawed, ripped, bit and chewed and hugged, and I wouldn't have given er last year mangy rat-skin fer my life. But I warn't born ter be killed jest then."

"No," put in Dick, "saved to be hung for the boss liar."

"We had it nip and tuck for some time," continued Hank, without noticing the interruption, "and then I thought of my knife, got it out with one hand and opened it with my teeth and kept jabbing it as deep as I could. But it didn't do no more good than ther stinger of er yaller jacket—only made him madder. Lord, how long and sharp his claws war and what er mouth he had! And it war goin' hard with me, I kin tell yer, when I managed ter git er hip lock and turn him over, and bein' nigh er steep place, down we rolled kerlumpus—now bar on top and now Hank, until we brought up on er leetle level spot with ther wind knocked out of us."

"And the truth too!" interlarded Dick.

"Fer er leetle I thought thar bar had ernuff on it—know I had—but no, his blood war up—it had bin fust blood fer him long ago, and ther bettin ten ter one ergin me—and he war determined ter have it out."

"And you in," from Dick.

"Well, we had ernuther and er terrible scrimmage. My knife had gin out and I war tryin' ter remember er leetle prayer when ther pepper happened ter come inter my mind. I fought shy until I got hold on it, tore a hole in ther wrappers with my teeth, got er handful and then, yer'd better believe I jest rubbed it inter thar eyes and mouth of thar ar old bar. And Lord! Lord! what er time thar was then! It war growl and sputter and spit and snarl and roar and sputter, and one would have thought he had swollered er couple of bushels of hornets, and er porcupine tail end fust! Did yer ever see er bar fightin' bees when stealin' honey. Wal, that's jest thar way he acted, brushing out his mouth and eyes with his paws, and ef I hadn't been er fool I might have got away. But I sat still enjoyin' ther fun until he partially got his eyesight ergin, and then, ther maddest critter ever on ther arth, he let drive at me ergin and got ernuther and er bigger dose than before, and rolled over and over, and belowed and rampaged, and ripped and spit and snorted and spluttered until he tumbled off er big rock and broke his neck on ernuther at ther bottom of ther canon."

"A narrow escape," said Charley Martin, who had swallowed the yarn, hide, teeth, claws and all.

"Yes, it war all ther same, yer bet, and if yer don't believe it come erlong with me some day and I'll show you ther identical spot whar thar ar bar rolled over."

Dick Mayo said something about being "sold" under his breath and asked Hank if he knew where "he could buy some of that kind of pepper," as he thought of going into the "jerked bear" business.

But Hank was too busy with the jug to hear, and the fire being low, the boys tumbled into their blankets, having been peppered with about as many stories as they could bear for one evening.

Squirrel Shooting.

DAYTON, OHIO.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—

"If all the year were playing holiday, To sport would be as tedious as to work."

Among the happiest recollections of my life are those that carry me back to my boyhood days among the mountains of the Keystone State. My father in his day was an ardent sportsman, and even now, after having attained his three score years and ten, he follows Dark and Maud through stubble and swamp with all the ardor of youth. The crack of his gun can be heard both early and late. When dusk drives him home, and his game bag is emptied, I will vouch for as many quails as some of the crack shots of this section ever bring to bag. Could his canine pets talk, many is the time they would cry, enough; we are tired.

When I was twelve years of age my father brought home a very nice light half-stock rifle that ran 180 to the pound, handing it to me with the remark: "The day you bring home ten grey squirrels, shot through the head, off-hand, this gun is yours." You may be sure I was industrious enough until I could call the gun my own. I finally accomplished the task in twenty-four off-hand shots; nine misses; five shot through the body, and the balance through the head. Unlike many of my young companions, show days, and all other days when there was no school, found me off in the hills among the tall shell-bark timber, ever on the alert for squirrels. When I was sixteen it was almost certain death for a squirrel to show his cunning little head on my side of the limb. When the "melancholly days have come," and Jack frost had freed the limbs of leaf, I made my preparations for shooting with all the precision and ardor of a veteran.

Away up among the hills lived an eccentric old man, who, for convenience sake, I will call Uncle Tom. With no visible means of support, no companion but a savage looking bull-dog, and with plenty of idle time, Uncle Tom was called by many the "Hermit of the Hickory Hills." He was a kind-hearted, sociable, well disposed old man, and always extended me a cordial reception whenever I chose to drop in on him, and this was pretty often during the Fall shooting. Many a happy hour have I spent by the old-fashioned fire-place listening to Tom's yarns of his seafaring life, for he had followed the sea, to use his own expression, "nigh onto thirty year."

It was my usual custom to climb the hills to Tom's cabin, in the evening so as to be on the ground early in the morning. One memorable day which I never can forget, I consider worthy of a place in the columns of the CHICAGO FIELD. My father appointed the 4th of November for a squirrel hunt—he to follow the bent of his own inclinations, I mine. My father's promise was, that if I killed the most squirrels I was to have a new saddle, and if I brought home the largest number shot through the head, I was to receive a new double barreled shot gun. On the evening of the 3d of November I put on my hunting suit, took my rifle, and sought the shelter of Uncle Tom's friendly roof. After partaking freely

of Tom's corn bread and bacon I turned in on the lounge, made of rough pine boards, and furnished with buffalo robes for bedding. With strict injunctions to Tom to stir early, I fell asleep, to dream of the new gun and the conquests of the morrow. "All right my little man, you shall have your breakfast by 4 o'clock, and I will go along to carry the game and 'scare 'em round the tree," remarked Tom. Just as old Sol cast his first gleams of light through the dense wood my first feather tall dropped dead at Tom's feet. "Well done, boy, well done," was Tom's glad cry. From that until 3 p. m. my unerring aim brought down the game, and Tom declared I would have to stop, as the load was getting too heavy, and he had no doubt I had won both gun and saddle, for it beat all the killing he had ever seen. Remember I was only 15 years of age, and Tom, a big stout man, had cried tired. Arrived at Tom's cabin we selected all those shot through the head, and taking the tails from the balance I started for home, where I arrived at dusk, tired, dirty and hungry. I was welcomed by my anxious mother, who was always predicting that I would shoot myself, or some like terrible accident would happen to me. My father had started before day on the morning of the 4th with the horse and buggy, and had arrived home an hour before my return. I asked my mother how many he had killed, but she only smiled in reply and opened the shed door; on the table I saw a pile of greys and blacks that made my heart go down to my boot tops. I carried my load in and deposited it under the table. After supper my father said: "Now, young man, we will go out and count." "Lead on, My Lord, and I will follow," I replied. "Sixty-one," exultingly said he. "Fifty-four was all I could muster. Then he proudly exhibited to my gaze twenty-two shot through the head. I told him I could just see him and go three better. He looked them all over very carefully, and with a look of real pleasure took me by the hand and said he was glad that I was the better shot of the two. The next morning he presented me with the gun. I often look back to that count as one of the proudest days of my life. I have the gun yet; although old, worn and worthless, I would not exchange it for the best Scott or Parker in America. SOBEE SAM.

Hammerless Guns.

STRATHROY, ONT.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I do not intend to enter into a lengthened argument with Oneida about the value of guns, or of the merits of the hammerless gun. It is quite evident that his opinions and mine are so far apart on these subjects that the attempt to bring them together would be fruitless. He says he is surprised that I should think £45 too much for a really fine gun, more especially as I am an Englishman. I think Oneida is prejudiced when he says Tolley's are the only Birmingham makers, who make a really fine gun. Perhaps the difference of opinion between Oneida and myself would arise as to what really is a first-class gun. If he was here I would show him several of my own, all English guns, which I call first-class, and I did not pay in England more than £30 for any one of them.

I know that many of my immediate friends send to England for a gun and pay from £50 to £75 for it. If they think they are getting good value for their money, I have no objections, but I do positively object to follow suit. As to American guns, as far as my judgment goes, there are guns made in America to-day which are the equal of any guns made in England. I mean as regards material and workmanship.

As to what Oneida says of hammerless guns, he is speaking of what he has never used; consequently his opinions are not formed as mine have been, from experience. He says the most of them are more complicated than the gun with hammers; true, with most of them, but some are not. He also says they are much more dangerous, but he really does not say why they are more dangerous.

The reason I prefer the hammerless gun is because I consider it quicker and safer than the gun with hammers. Oneida admits that it is quicker, so there is no argument on that point. My reasons for considering it safer are that the safety of a hammerless gun is much easier placed, than the lowering of two hammers from full to half cock, and in doing it there is no danger, whereas in easing hammers from full to half-cock it has happened to me more than once that, carelessness if you like, I have pressed the wrong trigger with my finger while easing the hammer down with my thumb.

Oneida well remembers it only a few years ago that much worse things were said by thousands against the breech-loader than he now says against the hammerless gun. Old Colonel Hawker, for years after the percussion cap was introduced, preferred the flint-lock, and was believed to have a sneaking preference for it to his dying day.

I wonder how some of those who talked and wrote against the breech-loader a few years ago would like to read their own letters now. It is just the same with the hammerless gun to-day. My opinion is that in ten years there will be twenty guns made without hammers to one with, for there is simply no comparison between the two weapons.

Oneida says he would not own and use a hammerless gun as a gift. I would not own and use the best gun that ever was made with hammers. I please myself in the matter of guns, and I wish Oneida and every other sportsman to do the same, but after using a hammerless gun for five years I have good reason for entertaining the opinion of them I do. DOG WHIP.

Opening of the Quail Season.

TUNICA, LA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The quail season here opened on the 15th of September, but unlike with you, and out on the prairies of the great West, there is no booming of guns to indicate the joyful season of the sportsman; simply because southern sportsmen never did, even before the existence of a game law, feel inclined to shoot and murder game birds before a frost, or before they put on a Winter suit, or before they looked adequate to the task of "getting up and getting" before the red-hot and flying pellets from the gaping muzzle of the murderous gun.

The family of Bob White seems to be more numerous than last season, owing to the fact that a great many negroes have been in the habit heretofore of robbing nests, and shooting parent birds while they sent forth their amorous note-calls from the oaken gate-post or from the top rail of the straggling worm fence.

I hear of two gun clubs having organized in this parish, and it is to be hoped they will do something further than breaking glass balls, at which some of them have been very expert, breaking on many instances every one thrown up, and this, too, after very little practice at this new game.

Speaking of glass balls, by the way, reminds me of the latest invention in the way of traps, viz: the "Stock and Morris Patent," advertised, I see, in your columns, and being put up by Chas. Folsom, 53 Chambers street, New York. I secured one, and I must say for simplicity, certainty of action, and all the other requisites that go to make up the desirable points in a trap, it caps anything I know of; then its diminutive size, and the readiness and short space of time that is required to arrange it, should recommend it to every amateur. Pulling myself—after I

got the hang of the little "trick"—I sent green walnuts (in lieu of glass balls) thirty yards from the cup, in any direction, and with a boy to sit by it and trap, could keep two balls in the air from a single cup, which is as fast as one wants to shoot. On account of its size I only paid \$1 express on it from New York to New Orleans, which leaves a considerable margin of profit and comfort to the buyer as compared to the cost and transportation of other kinds.

May success crown your efforts, and your journal continue to be all dog and gun, the medium of advertisements, and the propagator of the terms of friendship, unity and concord among the fraternity, is the wish of KIT KILLBIRD.

Washington Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have but recently returned from a very pleasant visit to Illinois. While there I had three days' chicken shooting, and while my scores were not large, I assure you I enjoyed the sport. I found that ever genial sportsman, F. B. Farnsworth, had reached Washington before me, and his glowing account of the fine sport he had, made me feel like I wish that I had been near his shooting grounds.

Near this city the sport on quails promises to be fine. We have already located numerous coveys, and if Mr. Pot Hunter does not get into them before us, we will have lots of good shooting. We are trying to keep a sharp watch on that very wary animal, and we hope if he attempts his unlawful business, to bring him to sharp account.

The shooting of reed birds and ortolan on our marshes has been fine, and the numbers killed on the marshes of the Patuxent River are almost beyond belief. Everybody who can shoot a gun has been there, and all have had good water until the present time, when a strong northwest wind has blown all the water into the bay. The cold weather will have a tendency to drive the birds farther South.

Duckers on the river are getting their outfits ready, and some wise heads already predict a bountiful supply of waterfowl on the river this season. A good many blue wing teal are being killed on the marshes, and a few widgeons have been brought to bag. Altogether we have no reason to complain of a lack of birds to shoot.

Your correspondent "Opelda" says "W. & C. Scott have made a reputation (for good guns) through Bogardus, but their merits do not at all equal that reputation." I have a Scott, and, not speaking of its shooting qualities, I think it a very finely finished gun. If I am mistaken, then "ignorance is bliss." My friend has a Greener, and he regards it as almost perfect. It is a blessed good thing that all American sportsmen are not as well versed on the gun question as these gentlemen who know what a really "high class" is. I fear there would be a good deal of dissatisfaction if all were like "Oneida." JACK SNIPE.

FALCON AFTER ONEIDA.—Huntington, Pa.—Editor Chicago

Field:—Your correspondent Almo and Oneida do not appear to be very well booked on hammerless guns. Oneida has quite a catalogue of complaints, "too complicated, not safe," etc. Perhaps Oneida is not aware that there are less pieces in the locks of a hammerless gun than an ordinary pattern. I purchased a hammerless gun a short time ago from one of your advertisers, Mr. D. M. Lefever. I think this gun is as near perfection as we will see for some time to come. By holding the gun in the ordinary position, left hand, front of locks, and right grasping the hand hold of stock, you can open the gun, cock one, or both barrels, and let down one or both locks, without changing either hand. As to its safety, a blind man can tell which barrel is cocked. I think an eight pound gun on this principle can be made as strong in the barrels as a nine pound gun on the old system. It always pleases a sportsman to get a gun that he can look over critically and not discover it slighted in any way, which is the case with Mr. Lefever's guns. It makes cleaning a gun almost a pleasure to see how nicely all parts are polished and fitted. If either Almo or Oneida ever pass through our Juniata valley, and stop a little while with me, I will convert them to the advocacy of the hammerless gun in ten minutes. FALCON.

EXCEPTION TO ONEIDA.—Chicago, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:

I do not propose to enter into a discussion of the gun question with Oneida, especially regarding the hammerless gun, for I should be only, like him, expressing an opinion on a subject I know nothing of, as I never shot a hammerless gun; and as I think it is not possible for one to put himself in a more ridiculous position than by pretending to knowledge not possessed, I decline occupying a portion of Oneida's shoes. But I think it the height of absurdity for Oneida to state that, "W. W. Greener never built a really high-class gun, and I doubt his ability to do so." The numerous fine guns in this country made by Greener refute this statement. I have only to invite Oneida to look at your hammerless gun, built by Greener, Mr. Editor, and challenge him to produce a handsomer weapon. To his remarks, therefore, I take EXCEPTION.

THAT BOSTON WOODCOCK.—Boston, Mass.—Editor Chicago

Field:—Since writing an item which appeared in last number of the CHICAGO FIELD concerning the Hall and Whipple "woodcock case," we find that the defendant's counsel has had his name entered on the docket and the default taken off. This would indicate that we are yet to see the case tried before the higher courts, as we had hoped it would be, although it is hard to construe this "backing and filling." We cannot think that the defendants or their counsel in this case, expect to gain any advantages by the absence of the "State's evidence" during next term of the superior court, as he is to be at the West on a shooting trip. If such hopes be entertained they will certainly fall to bear fruit; such trifling loop-holes having been carefully guarded. JOHN FOTTLER, JR.

WINNING GUNS.—Just received, a large invoice of Edwison C. Green's improved breech loaders. Send stamp for illustrated price list and tables of the London Field gun trials to G. S. & A. HAYDEN, sole importers for the U. S., Jacksonville, Ill. Advt-12-6-4t.

A PORTRAIT.—Every sportsman who purchases a copy of Frank Forester's "Fugitive Sporting Sketches," cloth binding, within the next thirty days, will receive, without extra charge, a fine cabinet photograph of the immortal sporting author, either in sporting costume or otherwise, as desired. Either portrait costs fifty cents, being fine photographs by C. A. Zimmerman. Specimen pages of "Fugitive Sporting Sketches," with descriptive circular, will be sent to any address upon receipt of stamp. All orders and inquiries, to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to F. E. POND, Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis.

If the great Connecticut Mutual, with its valuable property in Western investments, now paying an interest of over 7 per cent., evokes the compassion of the New York Times, what amount of pity must not that conscientious paper bestow upon its home companies who own so much and in bankrupt Elizabeth City?—Inter-Ocean.—(Advt.)

A NOTABLE SUCCESS.—On the 23d inst., Mr. E. T. Martin shipped 730 live pigeons from Chicago to Marshall, Texas, where they arrived on the 25th with a loss of but two dead. The wonderfully good shape in which they got through is accounted for only by the care taken by Mr. Martin in handling and shipping them.—(Advt. It.)

Trap Shooting.

The Stockton and Sacramento (Cal.) Team Match.

STOCKTON, CAL.
EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In your issue of Aug. 30th, prox., appears an anonymous communication from Sacramento, Cal., which purports to account for the unparalleled defeat of the team from that city, in the match shot against a team from the Stockton Gun Club, on July 11, 1879, an account of which appears in your issue of Aug. 9.

In justice to all parties it is particularly desired by the members of the Stockton team that you publish the following, which, we believe, contains the true inwardness of the whole matter, and the perusal of which by the members of the Sacramento team will so refresh their memories as to what actually occurred, that they will, perhaps, cease to draw upon their imaginations for their facts, and upon their wishes for their conclusions.

The Stockton Gun Club sent the Sacramento Club a challenge for a friendly contest, and proposed shooting a team of six members of the Stockton club against a like number from the Sacramento club, at twenty-five balls, for a stake of \$50, proposing to pay their fare from Sacramento to Stockton, and to divide the gate money.

The desire of the Stockton club was, that a series of friendly contests might be had with the Sacramento Club as a comparative test of the skill of the members of the clubs, and all intended to bring about a closer and more friendly feeling between them, and to create a greater interest among our membership. The amount of money staked upon the result being intentionally as small as we thought they would accept an invitation to shoot for, it being understood that there would be frequent matches between the clubs, and that there would most certainly be a return match, although there was no positive agreement as to the latter.

The amount of the stake is certainly convincing to any fair-minded person, that we could not afford to place ourselves in the position ascribed us by said anonymous correspondent. It was our desire that every detail connected with the match should be so perfectly arranged that there should be no opportunity for any unfair advantage to be taken by either the one side or the other, and after special exertion so completed all preparations for a perfectly fair match that we were positive in our belief that our guests would leave our city, whether as victors or vanquished, with a firm impression that they had never been more fairly treated or kindly entertained.

We were unusually particular in selecting the balls for the match, which were thin white glass balls, lightly coated with pure white sand, and which lot of balls were, without exception, the best and most regular the club have been able to procure, either before or since. For the protection of the trapper a galvanized iron screen was procured, which when placed in position, completely hid the trapper from the shooter, and also hid a portion of the rotating trap, leaving about six inches of one arm exposed, that the shooter might know that it was rotating properly. The trapper was specially directed to rotate the trap at the same rate of speed for all parties, which order he was particular in obeying, the trap being rotated at a speed of at least one hundred revolutions per minute. The trap was sprung by a short cord in the hands of the trapper, the purpose of that arrangement being that the shooter might have the ball thrown immediately upon giving the word, the trap acting much more promptly than when pulled by a person standing by the shooter with a long cord.

Your correspondent also lays great stress upon the fact that the trapper would look over the top of the screen to see who was at the score, and it is an undeniable fact that he did so look, but it was necessary that he should do so as the trap could not well be rotated at the proper rate of speed if started before the shooter was at the score, and the trapper being completely covered by the screen was compelled to look that he might see when the shooter was in place.

The Stockton Gun Club regret exceedingly the necessity forced upon the gentleman from Sacramento by their defeat to satisfactorily account to the club they represented for their failure to win the match, and the uncalculated and unjust reflection cast upon a very worthy man who was in no wise connected with the club other than being employed to pull the trap, for which the manifest sum of \$2.50 was paid him, far less than the price required to persuade him to commit so contemptible an act as the one of which he is accused.

It must be admitted that our opponents were not as fortunate in the flight of the balls as were the Stockton team, but in reality the number of their off-going balls does not correspond with the imaginary number they mention. Probably twenty per cent. more of their balls were "tailers" than of ours, which, however, we found no particular difficulty in breaking, as the score attests. No further notice would have been taken of this matter had your Sacramento correspondent not permitted his judgment to be warped by his desire to cast an unmerited stigma upon our club, impelled by a belief on his part that we were too much disgusted by the course they had pursued, to even answer it.

In conclusion, the Stockton Gun Club are perfectly willing to repeat the match, the same teams, shooting under the same rules governing the match of July 11th, giving the Sacramentoans the privilege of arranging all the details, with sufficient time to educate a man (probably two weeks would be ample) to throw the balls in some direction where it would be possible for the Sacramento team to break them, specifying, however, that the trap shall be rotated at the same rate of speed as in the match, and sprung promptly at the word. I regret occupying so much space in your valuable paper, but could not fully explain this matter in less. Geo. A. Brown.

Trap at Bowling Green, Ky.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.
EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Our shooting tournament, which lasted over Thursday, Friday and Saturday, has closed. Nothing exciting occurred. The weather was good, the management good, the shooting fair, and attendance appreciative.

FIRST DAY. First Match.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Jno. Bean, Chelf, P. H. Potter, Mitchell, Meadows, Rives, Vogel, Sr., and Hobson.

Second Match.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Hobson, Walters, Russellville, Mitchell, Potter, Clark, Chelf, Smith, and Rives.

Third Match.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Hobson, Walters, Russellville, Roberts, Walters, Rosenfeld, Meadows, Potter, and Mitchell.

Fourth Match.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Chelf, Meadows, Mitchell, Burkholts, Nashville, and Hobson.

SECOND DAY. Fifth Match.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Mitchell, Meadows, Burkholts, Clark, Rives, Harrison, Elton, and Meadows.

Sixth Match.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Vogel, Sr., Burkholts, Mitchell, Cook, Meadows, and Walters.

Seventh Match.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Mitchell, Hobson, Meadows, and Mitchell.

Eighth Match.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Mitchell, Hobson, Cook, Kirby, Potter, Burge, G. Cook, and Clark.

THIRD DAY. Ninth Match.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Mitchell, Burkholts, Vogel, Sr., Hobson, and Clark.

Tenth Match.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Burge, Gosson, Underwood, Kirby, G. W. Cook, Vogel, Jr., Chelf, and Bean.

Special Match, No. 1.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Cook, Ties on 9, 21 yards, and Cook.

Special Match, No. 2.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Kirby, Special match No. 3, and Chelf.

Match Extraordinary.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Shobe, Burge, Hines, W., Smith, W., Smith, L., Hines, Thomas, and Thomas.

A Mole's rotary trap was used. On the last day the wind was strong. The inaugurators and managers of this excellent meeting intend now to have a pigeon shooting tournament next Spring. Messrs. Jno. Bean & Co., did all that men could do to make this shoot, as it was, a success.

SCORE.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Wm. Shaw, A. C. Wilkey, D. Lester, D. B. Wier, J. E. Newell, J. Fisher, S. Ellsworth, Cliff Chapman, Fisher, Shaw, Wilkey, and Lester.

GRAND CROSSING, CHICAGO, ILL.—The Audubon Club regular shoot for the club medal and two money prizes, took place at Grand Crossing on Monday, Sept. 15, 15 birds each, 30 yards rise, ground traps, Wm. H. Porter, referee.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Ed. Price, J. J. Kleinman, Chas. Morris, C. E. Felton, J. J. Gore, W. W. Foss, Abner Price, J. A. Snyder, J. J. Gillespie, J. Thos. Staggs, S. H. Turill, Chas. Kern, Felton, and Gore.

A BOLD CHALLENGE FROM CAPT. BOGARDUS.—Pittsburgh, Pa.—Editor Chicago Field:—As there are a great many good glass ball shots in the country, I will make the following challenge: I will shoot against any six men in the world from \$100 to \$500 a side, each man; and will wager from \$500 up to \$2,500 that I will make a better score than all the six; and I will give each man 300 broken balls in 1,000 and each of them to shoot at 800 paces and I to shoot at 6,000, shooting 1,000 each day for six days; the match to be shot in Boston, New York or Philadelphia, between the fifteenth day of December and the first day of January.

Cartridges to be loaded and bought on the ground, and each man to shoot from the same, and each man to stand his share of expenses, and take his share of the gate money. The match to be shot from three of my traps and according to my rules, excepting the rise to be fifteen yards, and if shot indoors the distance between the traps to suit the place of shooting. Each man that accepts to send to the Clipper office \$100 between now and the first day of December. I have sent \$1,100 to the Clipper office to-day, which is the whole amount of stakes, unless the parties that accept wish to shoot for more money.

Champion Wing Shot of the World.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes BURLINGTON, IOWA, and names like C. Scramm, Baker, Rundorf, Samuelson, Snygard, and Dotterwelch.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.—The following are the winners in the last day of the Jacksonville tournament: In shoot No. 10, Mr. P. D. Watson, of Quincy, took first prize; Mr. D. G. Cunningham, of Delavan, and Ike Partington divided second

prize; Dr. C. Henry, of Jacksonville, took third, and Frank Robinson, of Jacksonville, took fourth. In shoot No. 11, S. A. Tucker, of New York, took first prize; Wm. Benson, of Jacksonville, second; Ike Partington and Dr. C. Henry, of Jacksonville, divided third; and E. C. Vickery, of Jacksonville, captured fourth prize.

The Meredonia Enterprise says of the meeting: "The shooting tournament at Jacksonville this week, of the Central Illinois Association for the preservation and propagation of fish and game, was a complete success, and the association a fixed fact. Great credit is due Mr. George Hayden for the energy he has manifested in organizing the association, and to him more than to any other person is the credit due for the success of this, their first annual tournament."

PERU, IND.—Editor Chicago Field:—Enclosed find score of pigeon shoot between five members of Peru Gun Club, Sept. 23d, which was very short and sweet, as a storm came up and stopped our fun.

SCORE.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Birds, blue rocks; 25 yards rise; no boundary; spring trap; 3 birds. F. Young, C. C. Prenties, J. C. Kratzer, and Young.

FOURTH QUARTERLY MATCH OF VIRGINIA SHOOTING CLUB.—Carson, Nev.—Editor Chicago Field:—Match for Club Medal and second and third prize; medal to first; gun case, value \$7, to second; sack shot and 100 shells to third; 12 single rises each at 25 yards; Virginia City Club rules to govern.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes H. Parker, J. H. Schoneham, J. H. McCauley, and McCauley.

BONNEVILLE VS. LAMBERSON.—Montreal.—Editor Chicago Field:—On Saturday last, Sept. 20, a match was shot at Lepine Park between Mr. Buell Lamberson, the representative of Parker Bros., of West Meriden, Conn., and Mr. A. Bonneville, of this place. The birds were pigeons and swift flying birds. The following is the

SCORE.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Buell Lamberson and A. Bonneville.

SALINA, KANSAS.—Editor Chicago Field:—Please find score of a match between Frank Seaton and Mr. Willis Kesler, of Salina Gun Club, for a purse of \$50; 18 yards rise. Kesler, 11110 11111 01101 11101 11101 11111 11111 11111 11111 45 Seaton, 11011 11111 11111 10101 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 47 Things were quite spirited, Kesler having a bad break on account of trapper falling to pull when told.

WILD PIGEONS.—1,300 now in coop, and more coming. The only wild birds now in market. E. T. MARTIN, 79 Clark st., Chicago. 12-2-31

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

W. A. S., Lynchburg, Va.—Will you please tell me at what age it is best to wean a litter of pups and how to do it without injury to the bitch. One writer of much experience says: "If the pups are allowed to suck the bitch too long, i. e., after they become too old, the milk in her bag becomes stale, and is very apt to produce worms in the puppies." Another says: "I never dry up a bitch, but let nature manage that matter, and at the proper age the bitch will wean them herself." What I want to accomplish is this, to wean the pups at six or seven weeks of age and to dry up the bitch so I can shoot over her say by 20th October or 1st November. I am well aware that Belladonna is used for this purpose in the human species and with success, but don't know that it will answer with the dog. Your advice in this matter will greatly oblige me. Ans.—The temper and temperament of the bitch are to be considered regarding the time at which puppies should be weaned. Some bitches—usually the best mothers—wean them themselves, and where the bitch is healthy and strong we believe it the wisest plan. We place but little confidence in the theory of the milk of a healthy dam inducing worms, even after six weeks old. If the bitch is not healthy and shows the effects of suckling, so soon as the puppies can lap well—which is at four weeks—they should be weaned, as under such circumstances the milk of the dam is not only not likely to be of much good, but on the contrary injurious. Some bitches have a habit, between the fifth and sixth weeks, of vomiting up their food for their puppies to eat, so as to relieve them from their maternal duties; in such cases the intercourse between mother and puppies should be immediately put a stop to. Puppies will begin to lap at three weeks old, and at four weeks lap sufficiently well to be weaned. Camphorated oil, rubbed on the teats three or four times a day, and the teats relieved by hand twice a day, sufficient only to relieve the milk from hardening, will soon dry a bitch up. A cathartic may be necessary to relieve any symptoms of fever. The food should be solid, and of that character as least likely to produce milk.

A. D. A.—Greenville, S. C.—Some months ago we purchased a puppy from a dealer in Delaware. He shipped the pup. Did not write even to say he had shipped or to acknowledge the receipt of the money. Since then I have written to him repeatedly, requesting him to send me pedigree and age, but not the first word can I get from him. Now, sir, I feel that he has swindled us, in selling us a dog that has no authenticated pedigree, or he is sadly destitute of anything akin to punctuality. Father and I, both, are passionately fond of good stock and especially of good dogs. I have now spent three months constant labor training this pup in question, and now to think that maybe he has no authenticated pedigree, and therefore I cannot breed from him with any prospect of a pecuniary return, rather nettles me. Now will you please advise me what to do? Ans.—Write the party and say if he does not comply with your request we will give our columns to you to give his name and all the circumstances in the case as a protection to other buyers.

SETTER DOG, Philadelphia, Pa.—Will you give me a good blood purifier? I have been doctoring for mange, used Dr. Baker's mange medicine. I have been told by a doctor, it was something like the nettle rash in children. Have been feeding on vegetable and milk for over three months and a very little meat once a week; still breaks out in his legs, and keeps inflamed. Ans.—Use internally Fowler's solution of arsenic, commencing with two drops, once a day, immediately before eating, and increase one drop every day until the dog loses his appetite or runs at his eyes. Feed on vegetables, thoroughly cooked, with some beef broth. Don't give any milk. Give exercise daily.

G. L., Racine, Wis.—What can I do for a dog in the following case? Last Wednesday, a little black and tan dog was run over by a buggy (right across his haunches). Since that time the hind legs have been of no use to him at all; he drags them along the floor, and there seems to be no life in them at all; he does not seem to suffer any; his appetite is as good as ever. Ans.—Apply cold poultices to the affected part three or four times a day; and besides rub gently with arnica liniment. If he does not regain the use of his hind quarters you had better kill him.

B., Burlington, Iowa.—Please state through your columns, if you can, where I can get one or a brace of English mastiffs, or of smooth-coated St. Bernard puppies. Pure breeding is essential. State probable cost. Ans.—Apply to Leroy Z. Collins, Lancaster, Mass., for St. Bernard's, and to Burdette Loomis, Hartford, Conn., for Mastiffs. We can not tell you probable cost.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M., Jacksonville, Ill.—B. and C. shooting a pigeon match, C. challenges one of B.'s birds that flies on to a building. B.'s father gives him a leg to help him up, and the referee calls lost bird. B. does not gather bird, but it drops dead after the next shot. Does B. lose bird through assistance? Would it have been out of the referee's place to have warned them? Ans.—B. loses the bird through assistance having been rendered him. It was not the referee's duty to caution him. B. should have informed himself of the rules in such cases.

Franklin, N. Y.—Santa Barbara, California, you will find the place to possess the climate and other requirements you desire. Letter mailed to Mr. Van Dyke.

RIFLE.

SUBSCRIBER, Lyons, Iowa.—Please let me know in your answers to correspondents what the size of the ordinary target as used by the rifle clubs is, as we wish to adopt a similar size and arrangement in order that we may know how we are shooting, by comparison. We can find no one here who can tell us how large the center or bull's-eye is, or the number of rings, size or value. The 200 yards size is what we would most prefer, and if you deem it of sufficient importance generally, give size for the other regulation distances, and much oblige. Ans.—Write to Denison & Co., 102 Madison St., for Creedmoor Target.

Natural History.

The Game of America.

BY ARCHER.

Author of "Game of Arctic Lands;" "Game of Michigan;" "Canine Therapeutics and Pathology;" "Diseases of Dogs in Sportsman's Gazetteer;" "Lake Superior Reminiscences."

15th PAPER.—THE PARTRIDGES.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1878, by Marsh & Co., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE COLIN, (*Ortyx virginianus*).—CONTINUED.

In March or April the colins separate into pairs of male and female for the purpose of procreating, a little earlier or later, according to the character and peculiarities of the season. If it is unusually cold they may put off the building of the nest until May or June, and even after they have begun pairing, a sudden cold snap accompanied by a biting wind from the North, will frequently cause the birds to reassemble in coveys, until the advent of better weather.

This is more particularly the case in regions possessed of a variable and uncertain climate, or where damp, chilly East winds are wont to prevail. Nidification is usually completed in thirty or thirty-five days, the male assisting, or at least cheering the partner of his bosom, while she works, with his happy song, that may now be heard throughout the fields from morn until night. Protection from wet and moisture is the first care, consequently the nest may be located in the midst of a meadow, or open field, more commonly, however, in the corners and angles of the fences that can not be reached readily by the scythe or mower, and where the grass grows long and rank. Frequently a solitary stump, the roots of maize stalks, or clump of briars, affords the only shelter; perhaps the southern root spurs of some solitary tree, or patriarch of the orchard is chosen, chiefly for the exposure to the sun that it affords, while at the same time securing protection from showers. We are astonished to observe the apparent disregard for safety exhibited, yet when a nest is found it is usually stumbled upon; so exactly does it assimilate and conform to its surroundings, and so natural are its arrangements, that but for an accident it would be well screened from view and bid defiance to the most searching observation. Sometimes it is open, depending upon its situation for safety, but more often, perhaps, is covered above, an opening being left upon one side as an entrance. Its construction is simple and rather rude, though ingenious, being but slightly depressed below the surface of the ground, and consisting for the most part of dead leaves, dried grasses and weeds, perhaps a little straw, and a few feathers plucked from the maternal breast, yet it forms a most comfortable dwelling. From twelve to twenty eggs are deposited, oftentimes a greater number, twenty-five or thirty being no unusual occurrence, so said. Eighteen is the largest number that has ever come under personal observation, and even this we are inclined to look upon as extraordinary, and when more are found we are inclined to attribute the increase to the propensity occasionally exhibited by the birds to lay in each other's nests. A gentleman, resident of Virginia, no mean ornithologist, and a careful observer of *Ortyx virginianus* for upwards of twenty years, remarks that it is no unusual occurrence for hens, whose nests are as yet unfinished, and who are badgered and pestered by a number of males, to deposit their treasures in the care of another when opportunity offers. As more males are usually to be found among the broods than females, this gives rise to the persecutions above mentioned, and also to the frequent and prolonged contests for the possession of the hens at the opening of the sexual season, battles that, like those of grouse, occasionally are so fierce and determined in character as to result disastrously to both combatants. Could males alone be removed by trapping, we would advocate such a procedure, for the attentions of a number of cocks so harass the hen that she is deprived of the valuable assistance of a permanent spouse, and is frequently unable to complete a nest in time to receive the products of her ovaries, which are distributed hither and thither on the bare ground, perhaps no two together; unfortunately, such trapping would merely open the door to greater evils, instead of mitigating the minor one. The assertion that hens after once pairing permit the attentions of one or more cocks we have no confidence in as a rule. Exceptions there may be, but ordinarily the female colin is the most exemplary as well as domestic of birds. The eggs are commonly of a pure white, entirely devoid of markings, pyriform in shape, quite sharply pointed at the lesser end, and so accurately arranged in the bottom of the nest that if one is removed it disturbs the rest so that it can never be exactly replaced by human agency. Sometimes specimens are found smeared with blotches and confluent dabs of yellowish, and that they are scarce caused by dirt or moisture is evident from the fact that they cannot be removed by either water or alcohol. In size they are about one and one-fifth inches in length, with an extreme lateral diameter of one inch.

Incubation lasts about three weeks, some contend for thirty days, citing as evidence the fact that when the eggs are placed under the domestic fowl, good four weeks is required for their development. This, however, is of little value, as the latter is not near so constant in her attentions to her charges, nor possessed of as much animal heat as the colin, who is not only a most determined incubator, and has even been trodden upon before giving evidences of her presence or of alarm, but is moreover assisted in her duties by her spouse. Instances are of frequent occurrence where the bird is mangled upon her nest, or her head removed by agricultural implements. On one occasion some laborers discovered a nest containing a dozen eggs, the parent crouching at a little distance close to the ground. The proprietor of the field wishing to preserve from harm, placed the leafy branch of a tree over it for protection and shelter. Very soon the birds returned to the nest, and although the members of the gentleman's family went daily to look at them, they sat out their time, and what is more they nested in the same spot for three successive years. Colonel Thorp was fond of relating another anecdote that exhibits the superiority of the maternal instinct in the colin to that of fear while engaged in incubatory duties: A nest was discovered in the corner of a small enclosure which contained the kennels of a pointer and setter, and it was especially remarked that the latter took no notice of the birds. The intelligent creatures all acted as if entirely unconscious of each other's presence, and under these seeming adverse circumstances the brood was hatched and carried safely to the protection of a neighboring wood.

While engaged in hatching the hen becomes very much emaciated, and likewise undergoes the process of a partial moult, which provides a few downy feathers that tend to keep the eggs warm in case she or her mate are obliged to be temporarily absent from the nest. The cock, too, ever proves a most devoted spouse; he seldom strays far from her immediate vicinity, but remains within call to cheer her with his pretty notes, and to take her place while she satisfies the demands of hunger. Again

he brings her food, especially during the last few days when she is compelled to be constant in her attentions to the eggs, and even divides his provender with her, be it greater or less, to his own exclusion; and at all times he stands on guard, a watchful sentinel ready to give the alarm on the approach of an intruder. The affection of the couple for one another is so great that when one has been trapped or snared the other often voluntarily enters the toils rather than endure the pangs of separation. Should accident deprive the male of his partner during incubation, he at once assumes her duties and hatches out the brood; he cares for them as she would have done, scratching for their food, hovering them under his wings at night and teaching them their little lessons in life, performing all the duties, in fact, peculiar to the other sex on such occasions, until the little ones are sufficiently grown to look out for themselves.

In some respects the chicks exhibit a remarkable tenacity of life; they run as soon as released from the shell, and may be seen going about in search of food before their downy feathers are fairly dry, and not unfrequently with portions of their calcareous envelopes still adhering to their backs.

It is generally believed by the vulgar that when about to make their appearance in the world, the parent assists their accouchement by cutting circular openings in the larger ends of the eggs with her bill, through which the little ones are released, and it is further said that the portion removed oftentimes remains attached to the shell proper by a bit of the membrane lining its interior, which allows it to work up and down like the lid of a pot, and that a deserted nest, if not disturbed, affords evidences of this extremely neat bit of carpentering. This is a very pretty theory, we must admit—on paper; but as for its possessing other existence save in the imagination of the ignorant, we may be permitted to doubt. Of some scores of nests we have personally examined, none contained other than irregularly broken shells or fragments of shells, consequently we may class this story with those that assert that the brook-trout takes the hook by striking it with his tail and forcing it into his mouth, and such like nonsense. The character of the bill of the parent, and the fact that fragments may be seen adhering to the newly hatched brood, is evidence sufficient to confute any such theory in spite of all the backing it has had. When egg shells of the character above described are exhibited, they are the work of other than feathered bipeds, and a prospective brood has been annihilated to please the fancies of the ignorant. In spite of their apparent hardness, the young chicks are subject to many vicissitudes. Not only have they to run the gauntlet of all the birds of prey, and to combat the wiles of predacious quadrupeds, but they likewise demand protection from the elements. If the weather, during the first few days of their extra-uterine life, is dry, warm and mild, the chances are, if not interfered with, they will arrive at maturity; but if it is cold, damp, and pluvial, the chances are entirely against them; heavy, long-continued falls of rain are almost invariably fatal to their young lives. The burning of prairies and large fallows also destroys great numbers.

As soon as the nest is abandoned both parents give their entire time and attention to the little ones, even to the exclusion of their own wants and necessities. Two happier feathered beings it would now be impossible to find, and they may be seen early and late persistently scratching to provide food for their children. Their solicitude and the instinct exhibited in caring for and in guarding their half-fledged little ones from surprise and danger are most astonishing. At the first note of warning the youngsters run with all the speed of which their little legs are capable, to the nearest cover, whether it be thicket, brush-wood, long-grass, or rag-weed, while the old birds seek safety in flight. The hen flies but a few yards ere she alights, and then returns by a circuitous route to collect her brood, which she does by calling in subdued and ventriloquial tones, and then leads them swiftly away. The cock, in the meantime, if the danger appears imminent, uses every endeavor to distract the attention of the intruder by flying and tumbling confusedly along the ground, dragging his wings as if so crippled or badly wounded as easily to be captured by the hand. But let one attempt to gather the bird, and they speedily find that he has strength enough to keep beyond reach, constantly leading in a direction opposite to that where the brood lie, until satisfied that time sufficient has elapsed for his mate to look after them, when he, too, takes wing and conceals himself to await the note that will direct him to her retreat. And it is not only by these devices that they display their affection, but they are ready to lay down their lives, if need be, in behalf of the little ones, and whether there be a possibility of success or not will attack with wondrous energy and venom those that threaten them. It is no uncommon sight to see them fly up, like little furies, at birds of prey that hover in too dangerous proximity to their loved ones, screaming and fighting with all the vigor of which their small bodies are possessed, and, by the rapidity and constancy of their assaults, they often drive away serpents and other foes, cheating them of their prey. Dr. Elish Lewis once witnessed a desperate encounter between a male colin and a black-snake, *Coluber constrictor*, which would have proved fatal to the former but for his prompt interference, as the serpent finally caught the bird by the wing, and so deadly was its embrace that it held on to its affrighted but courageous victim even after its back had broken with a blow from a stick. On searching the grass two little ones, slightly mutilated, were found nearly dead; which, no doubt, had been seized by his snakeship as a dainty meal, which, however, was not enjoyed, owing to the bold attack of the parent. "Such encounters between birds and serpents," the Doctor remarks, "are not uncommon, but of daily occurrence, as few of us at all familiar with country life but have witnessed like incidents in our rambles over the fields. We also believe that similar conflicts between the parent birds and these ruthless desecrators of their nests, have given rise to the popular fallacy that snakes possess the power of charming birds, or, in other words, transfixing or drawing them within their reach by the use of certain mesmeric manipulations of their tongue and eyes. We give no credit whatever to this boasted power of fascination on the part of snakes, but regard it as one of those vulgar errors which spring up in the minds of the ignorant from their inability to explain or investigate many of the every-day phenomena of nature."

Where two broods are reared, it is probable that the cock takes charge of the first while the second is in process of hatching. The writer has several times observed a half-fledged brood in charge of a male, while the hen was setting, the absence of other birds in the vicinity indicating the family relation. Considerable discussion has been indulged in at times as to whether two broods are "regularly hatched" or not. Leaving out the word "regularly," there can be little doubt in the matter, though it undoubtedly depends entirely upon latitude, climate and character of the season. Where long and mild Summers, preceded by an early Spring, is the rule, two broods may be expected; but where the season is late and Summer short, the reverse may be held to be the rule, excepting always instances in which the first are victims of an accident prior to hatching or while yet at a tender age, in which case, another attempt toward raising up a family is always made. In latter instances we have known broods to be so late in Michigan and Ontario that even in the last week of October they were unfit to be pursued with dog and gun; and, further, it may be observed that where a number of immature broods are found so late in the season, that the pre-

vious Spring was cold, backward and prolonged well into the Summer months.

The notes of the species are peculiar. The love song to which the male gives utterance consists of two sounds, the accent upon the last, popularly expressed by the words "Bob-white," or as some have it, "More-weet," or "More-weet," which rings out upon the air pure, sharp and clear. In Autumn this is varied, being "Bob-white," or "Ab-Bob-white," according to circumstances, and though lacking somewhat in the clearness and melody of earlier months it is nevertheless most musical and entrancing to the ear of the sportsman. The note of the hen is always "Bob-white" when singing a song of praise or responding to the call of her mate, but slightly different in pitch and more subdued and suppressed. Both birds have two more notes at their command, twittering sounds most soft and winning in character like *chi-che*, apparently used for the purposes of conversation. These may be heard when the birds first wake in the morning, and while moving about and feeding. It seems to well up from the throat of the female while setting upon her nest, involuntary as it were, and expressive of her joy and satisfaction. It becomes by varied expression and modulation a sound with which she tells her mate that all is well and as it should be, and a gentle note of reproof or encouragement to her little ones. By it she draws them to her and huddles under her wings; places them in hiding and charges them there to remain while she wanders off in search of food; or, by it she scatters them far and wide to avoid the insidious attempts of birds of prey and sneaking vermin. With the same she teaches them to move through the tall grass and weeds so stealthily and silently as scarce to disturb a spear or leaf; to hide, if necessary, beneath old logs and stumps, behind stones and clods; and to blend their little bodies with the neutral tints of the surrounding ground and vegetation, until recalled by a faint whistle to the shelter of her wings, "whence they will have their chilled bodies warmed by the maternal breast, and their perturbed minds quieted by her whisperings of safety and love." When a covey is about to take flight, they make a low twittering sound that bears a close resemblance to that of young chickens, and the notes of the little ones are very similar, and when the birds are dispersed they come together again by frequently repeating a note indicative of anxiety and tenderness. Apropos the call, an anecdote in *Harper*, simple as it is, illustrates well the character of the song of the colin. "We never saw a more interesting bit of excitement," says the writer, "than was displayed by a city-raised boy, made wise by the experience of five years, who, upon his first trip into the country, had his attention suddenly arrested by the gloriously exultant cry of 'Bob White.' The little fellow saw the bird away down the road screaming from the top of a fence rail, and comprehending that the sounds, so human and so full of sympathy, came from the bird's throat, he blushed crimson red with pleasurable surprise as he exclaimed: 'He thinks I'm Bob White.'"

The foes of the species are varied and numerous, but the chief of all are those specimens of the genus homo we are wont to denominate "pot hunters" and "fowlers," and who resort to all unfair and illicit means to destroy them. Netting and trapping undoubtedly destroy more birds in a single season than all the predacious animals could in ten times that period. Netting was formerly practiced to a pernicious degree in Missouri and the Southern States, and even to-day is held a legitimate form of sport by many. A net is placed in a convenient situation and the birds called together by imitating their notes, and they are then surrounded by men on horseback and gently driven toward it so slowly and carefully as to prevent their taking wing. Drizzly and heavy weather is preferred, as then they are loth to seek safety in flight. Nets are of two kinds. One stretched upon a large frame is made to drop by means of a cord at the command of some one at a distance, which, when drawn, detaches a prop, causing it to fall and entangle the birds beneath. The other, as used in the South and West, is made in the form of a large cylinder several feet in length, largest at the mouth, and tapering till it suddenly ends in a large bag or purse from which there is no escape; it is distended by hoops, and further aided by wings set at either side that gives it the semblance of a fence, with a gate in the center. The traps used are of a variety of forms and patterns, the most common being composed of laths or cedar splints, built up, as childreft are wont to build cot-houses, in the form of an obtuse cone, the whole lashed together at the corners to give it security and firmness, and supported on one side by a "figure four" trigger, and baited with grain.

Serpents destroy old and young and devour the newly laid eggs, sometimes even removing the latter from beneath the body of the mother while on the nest. The writer once killed a black snake of the variety known as "blue-racer" which had already enveloped seven out of the thirteen eggs which the nest originally contained, being attracted to the neighborhood by the notes of suffering that proceeded from the old birds as they fluttered helplessly above their foe.

Of birds, the goshawk, sparrow-hawk and pigeon-hawk (*Astur atricapillus*, *Falco sparverius* and *F. columbarius*) are the most inveterate enemies, evincing a malignancy of purpose and innate devilishness rarely witnessed in other species, as they frequently destroy more than they devour. The sparrow and pigeon hawks confine their attentions more especially to young birds, and merit the hatred of every true friend of the colin; those who shoot all they may come across will do themselves and the game good service. Crows, too, are destructive to a certain degree, and so are owls, but the ravages of either are not to be compared with those of hawks.

Racoons, weasels, skunks, minks and foxes trail the birds like dogs; the latter especially, as they beat and quarter their ground at times with all the regularity of trained setters, until they have winked the game, when they sneak up silently and pounce into the middle of the bevy; but fortunately the birds are often as wide awake and quick of movement as their foes, who are often forced to be contented with a mouthful of feathers in lieu of a good plump colin. Foxes also seize the birds upon their nests and break and destroy the eggs. Weasels and minks destroy eggs as well, and worse, they are possessed of eyes entirely disproportionate to the size of their stomachs, and kill for the mere love of slaughter, oftentimes when not in want of food and merely for the purpose of drinking the blood of their victims. Mowing machines, reapers, rollers, horse rakes and other agricultural implements are very destructive to young broods, but these are an evil that must of necessity be tolerated. But for the pot-hunter and snarer we all have a hatred and loathing like that of Herbert when he wrote:

"I knew an Ethiopian once—he lives yet in a hovel on the brush plains of Matowaco—who called a whole bevy together (by basely imitating the maternal notes). He first shot the parent bird, and when the murderous villain had ranged the orphans in close company while they were looking over each other's necks, and mingling their doubts, hopes and distresses, in a little circle, he leveled his cursed musket at their unhappy breasts and butchered—'What! all my little ones! did you say all?' He did, and lives yet! Oh, let me not meet that wretch six miles north of Patchogue, in a place where the scrub oaks cover with cavernous gloom a sudden precipice, at the bottom of which lies a deep lake! For my soul's sake let me not encounter him in the great

ravines of the Callicoon in Sullivan, where the everlasting darkness of the hemlock forest would sanctify virtuous murder."

In some respects the colin is an anomaly. Very erect in its walk, consciously though not offensively proud, strong upon the wing, handsome in plumage, indifferently frequenting brush, timber and open country, capable of withstanding cold when suitably fed, very prolific, never quarrelsome or given to molesting other game, seldom so wild as to rise so far from the dogs as to be out of gun-shot, and more of a friend than a foe to the agriculturist, surely it possesses traits that should cause us to carefully cherish and protect the species. Moreover, as a table delicacy it is unsurpassed, its flesh being tender, white, and every way most excellent; for weeks one may feast upon the birds without becoming satisfied, and there is no other game bird, Bartram's tattler alone excepted, that can stand so severe a test. Again, there is no bird the equal of the colin for the purpose of breaking and training of dogs as the scent it leaves behind when feeding is stronger and fuller than most other game, and this inculcates caution, independence, range, and speed; furthermore, the stubbornness with which it lies brings forth that staunchness of point which is so anxiously desired, and which renders the setter or pointer so valuable in the eyes of the sportsman; once well-broken on this game the labor of teaching and accustoming them to any other is comparatively light.

Colin shooting should not begin before the latter part of October under any circumstances, as there is no certainty that the majority of birds will be large, strong, and swift enough upon the wing to afford good sport. In those states where two broods are reared, the second will surely be unfit for the gun; and in the North the vicissitudes of the previous Spring and Summer are very likely to prevent their early development. In the West, too, where the Indian maize or corn is a common crop, the immensity of the fields is such that early shooting cannot be enjoyed, as the coveys seek the shelter afforded by them as soon as flushed; and where corn grows as rank, thick and high as is usual upon prairie land, it is impossible to make headway, or even secure a minimum bag; as the maize frequently attains a height of more than a dozen feet, one cannot see to shoot, and the birds themselves, appreciating the security afforded by the stalks and leaves, will not rise above the tops. But when the frosts have wilted the blades sufficiently to cause them to lie lifeless along the stalk, as is commonly the case in November, as good sport may be had here as in the open. Early morning, almost as soon as the sun is up, is undoubtedly the best hour to seek the birds, especially if a heavy dew or frost is lying on the ground, as then they lie better and the scent appears stronger. Pleasant weather, at least weather that is comparatively dry and still, is essential to success. When it is wet and sloppy they are more likely to take to the trees. Old birds will be found entirely different from young ones, as the latter, if not made wild by constant persecution and following, are apt to lie well to the dogs, and indulge in but short flights, dropping again in the open, or at most such covert as the hedge and fence rows afford, and consequently are comparatively easily marked. And right here let it be remarked that nothing is so uncertain as the marking of the tyro or inexperienced sportsman; nine times in ten he is wrong, believing the birds to have dropped because when he last saw them they were near the ground. It is well to remember that the bird or birds never alight with full spread wings and while sailing, but always give a premonitory stroke before dropping, different from those with which they are wont to propel themselves, and intended to break the force of the descent. When scudding close to the ground this flap of the wings is observed, the birds are "down then sure!" Young birds, too, on reaching the ground seldom huddle together, especially if they remain undisturbed for a time, but scatter about, a little distance from each other, when they may be put up and picked off one by one or in pairs. But old ones, participants in many a bout of wits in which the sportsman came off second best, are not easily confused, and are always ready to take advantage of any opening for escape, usually the very one the gunner has failed to guard against. They are up to all sorts of cunning and marvelous tricks, are extremely cautious, and prone to slip away quietly through the stubble or grass, especially where frequently pursued, as soon as the first glimpse of the dog is had; and when they are flushed they at once take to the thickets and brakes or disappear among the tops of the distant trees. An adult, too, will often carry off a most astonishing load of lead, particularly when going away from the gun, and even when wounded in some vital part has been known to fly to immense distances, striking the ground only when life was extinct. A shrewd old cock will often outwit both man and dog when wounded or wing-tipped and get away into some lonely thicket to die, or recover, as the case may be, or else to furnish a meal for some hungry bird of prey, or prowling animal. A prominent sportsman, now deceased, in speaking of the sagacity and rare combination of talents exhibited by the colins said: "Three of the best shots I ever knew were fooled morning after morning by the same bird. His headquarters seemed to be in a small patch of shrubbery surrounded by open fields and pasture land. Once discovered it appeared as if from his exposed situation he could not escape, yet nearly for a week he set these three practiced shots and six well-trained dogs, at defiance. Every morning the bird would be discovered at one end of his domain, and as regularly would be pointed by the dogs. The sportsmen would then surround the indicated spot, but just as they thought their bird was safe he would suddenly disappear. Determined at last to head him off, the location was regularly inveigled—two posted themselves on the outside of the shrubbery, while the third, with a couple of dogs, was detailed to 'drive' the brush from one end to the other. Steadily the indefatigable sportsman and his two canine companions pursued the devoted bird through the mazes of his stronghold; the extremity was finally reached. Bob White must now take to his wings, but no such thing; instead he suddenly turned, and on the outside of the shrubbery commenced running for dear life to his old quarters—but, alas, this attempt was at last anticipated; and, as he discovered that his retreat was cut off, with a scream of despair that was painful to hear, and a whirr that indicated hope was gone, he rose in the air; for an instant he hesitated, and then, with a swiftness almost of a ray of light, he made a straight line for the open field. The sharp, ringing report of a fowling-piece, a breath of smoke, and Bob White's little body, dead and cold, lay upon the ground."

A fox with all his cunning never made a more desperate struggle for life, and we cannot but regret that after his *ruse* was discovered that the sportsmen were not possessed of sufficient manhood, self-denial and magnanimity to have allowed him to escape unharmed.

One of the prime reasons for seeking the birds in the early morning is, that they seldom fly so hard and irregularly nor so far as later in the day, and thus a great amount of tramping may be avoided. The ground should be slowly and carefully gone over, in order to give the dogs time to find the birds, for if their approach has been noticed, and the birds have huddled together, as they are likely to do, less scent will be given out, and they may be overlooked until almost fairly upon them, and the dogs thus rated for what is really not their fault. And let it be said, in spite of contrary advice, so frequently given, a slow pointer is the best dog for the young beginner, and would likewise be a far more appropriate companion for many who are wont to consider

themselves *au fait* in all that pertains to dog and gun. Those who can shoot colin successfully over fast ranging setters, and at the same time cover their ground well, are few and far between. Too many good dogs are ruined by being ignorantly pushed too fast, and then rated for their master's faults.

We have just spoken of the birds being found huddled together. Ordinarily this is not the case, but they are scattered about a little in search of food, still not far apart. When bevies are found running ahead of the dog, there is little use in attempting to head them off, as they then stop and, huddling close together, lay so obstinately that one has fairly to kick them up, when they *whizz* under his very nose, and are off over the head towards their original destination, offering as awkward shots as can well be imagined. It is better either to call off the dogs entirely and await another opportunity, or, if they are making their way towards a swamp or briar patch, to follow slowly until the first patch of tall weeds or grass is encountered, when in all probability they will lie long enough to be put up and to afford one or two snap shots ere they pitch into the covert.

The better the ground and its possibilities are known, the better the opportunities of the sportsman for making a good bag; and where one is a stranger to the country, particularly when intending to remain but one or two days, it will be well the evening previous to taking the field, to look over the country over which it is proposed to shoot, and so note its peculiarities, the spots in which the birds lie, and their relation to the coverts and broken ground. In the morning the pea, buckwheat and maize fields harbor the birds in preference to either wheat, rye or oats; but toward noon look for them in the thick hedge and fence rows, and a little later in the groves and thickets contiguous to the shaded streams and rivulets, the bog meadows, southerly and westerly hillsides, old burn-downs, pastures, and on high dusty knolls. But at this hour finding the birds is rather a matter of uncertainty, and more the result of chance than skill, especially if they have been well-followed in the morning; old and deserted plantations, sedge-fields, and orchards that have gone to waste, are as likely places as any at noon, and at all times in muddy weather. In beating stubbles and fields bordered by woodland and covert, let the latter be always down wind, for when once driven to covert they are safe for some time to come, and are better left unmolested for an hour or so, when they will have recovered from their alarm, may be easily found if properly marked down, and will furnish far better shooting than when immediately followed; and where woods are small and covert so thick as to be almost impenetrable, there is little use in wasting the morning and harassing the dogs for the sake of a few bad snap-shots while there is open ground still to be beaten, as the game will likely have crept away into holes and hiding places where they cannot easily be found except by accident. Under such circumstances a bevy of fifteen or twenty will scarcely yield more than two or three birds. But in the evening, along about four o'clock say, earlier if the sky is cloudy and overcast, they will be in the fields again, running and feeding, and are now more likely, especially if the day be warm, to follow along the grassy margins of the rivulets that cross the stubbles and pastures. Grounds that have shown but few birds in the morning, in districts where it is known that they are abundant, will oftentimes yield better sport in the afternoon than the morning, except one rise with the dawn. Another thing is well to be remembered, and that is that the colin seldom favors the center of a large field, even when they are choice feeding grounds, but prefer the borders contiguous to the long grass, fences and coverts. In meadows, grassy lands, and fallow fields just ready for burning, they are prone to lie very close and hard, and frequently must fairly be kicked up ere they will take to wing, and when one or two are flushed it is well to be in no hurry about following them, as more are likely to lie near. At such times, too, it is not uncommon to find ruffed grouse in the same clump or hiding place, and a colin may be secured with one barrel and the grouse with the other. Where a bevy has been pretty thoroughly routed and scattered, there is little use in following them, as they will be too wild for approach, or the dogs will fail to wind them, owing to the suppression of scent; and the more frequently the colin is flushed the less chance there is of setting the bird, a rule, that is not generally applicable to the grouse, who seem to lose their courage by successive flights, and become more careless and confused as they become tired. In damp, still weather open ground is preferred, and instead of lying when they pitch down, they run a long distance before settling; but in high winds any cover that affords adequate protection will harbor more or less birds. If there be snow upon the ground you must be guided by the tracks; early in the morning they go into the fields that furnish a goodly crop of weeds, to feed upon their tops and seeds, but later in the day are more likely to be found in half open, frozen swamps that are exposed to the sun, hiding behind the tussocks of dried grass, or amongst the alders and briars. Shooting pell-mell into a bevy is bad practice, as liable to wound many birds that cannot be gathered, and moreover tends to make them wild; select your bird, pitch the gun quickly, but withal deliberately, to your shoulder, and drop him; then wheel for a second, the one that is last up, if possible, and without taking the gun down fire. This is the only way that two birds can be secured from one rise.

Now with regard to the power of withholding scent as will, which has so generally furnished so many arguments long drawn out, and not infrequently involving considerable personal feeling and venom. Neither the colin or any other bird can of itself control the normal secretions of its economy; such is a physiological impossibility. We have already treated of this in writing of the grouse, therefore but little need be said here. First, all animals, even man, and no less all birds, may under certain circumstances lose those odors that are peculiar to the body, but this is not a voluntary act, but due to physiological and physical changes that take place, the most potent cause being fear. A covey of colins having been flushed suddenly, and further alarmed by the appearance of dogs and men as well as by the report of the gun and the whistling of pellets, may become so frightened as to cause a temporary stoppage of the secretion of the odors peculiar to their bodies, and consequently cannot be detected by the best dog after they have again taken to the ground; but if left to themselves for a short time, until they have recovered from the shock, they are easily found. Again, during the breeding season most of the secretions of the body are changed, passing off through the *prima via*, which accounts for the fact that dogs seldom notice nesting birds; this is peculiar to all the *gallinaceae* at least, and presumably to all ground-nesting birds—a provision of nature that ensures the perpetuation of the species. This may be observed in domestic fowls by all that desire to inform themselves, and it will be found that the natural odor of the fowl when roosting is absent during the period of incubation, and that the excrement has acquired it instead to a most surprising degree.

A late writer speaks of "packs" of colin, or as he expresses it, "qualls." The birds never pack in the full acceptance of the word, but run in bevies, coveys or broods, as you will. Occasionally in protracted stormy and cold weather two families may associate together for mutual warmth, but even this is rare. During the "running" or "traveling" mania they associate in large numbers while on the move, but each family seems to retain its own organization and individuality, and as soon as the craze has passed, separate from the others. We have before

mentioned that these partial migrations or movements occurred in Autumn, but a friend has since called our attention to the fact that the like is sometimes observed in Winter, especially in the West, when their sufferings from the inclemency of the season drive them to the farmyards and towns. Some years since Racine, Wisconsin was besieged by colins, the birds filling the very streets in such numbers, and apparently in such straits, that they were caught in dozens by the hands alone. They ran like chickens about the streets and yards, and becoming bewildered by the hue and cry and noises of the city even dashed themselves against the windows. Like occurrences took place in many towns in Pennsylvania, in 1856, a year that proved quite fatal to the species, the cold utterly exterminating them in many districts.

Those of our brethren from across the water who have followed the colin with dog and gun are unusually delighted with their gameness, and few there are that do not accord them unlimited praise. As Captain Parker Gilmore says: "They only require to be known to be appreciated;" and he expressed the hope, some years since, that by placing their merits before the English public some one might be sufficiently patriotic and public spirited to make an attempt to naturalize them in the United Kingdom. This has at last been done. One gentleman alone has imported several thousand colins, of which a large part naturally went to his own estates in Northamptonshire and Lancashire, while several hundreds were given to friends in Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The same gentleman also sold upward of two thousand birds through the agency of Mr. C. Jamrach, the well-known animal dealer. Birds have now been turned out in Northumberland, Yorkshire, Leicestershire, Lancashire, Aberdeenshire, Northamptonshire, Essex, Suffolk, Hampshire, Devonshire, Norfolk, etc., and also in County Kerry, Ireland. What success has resulted is not positively known, though in one instance, at least, the experiment has proven most satisfactory, soil, climate, freedom from predaceous animals and other surroundings being all that could be desired. There seems no good reason why they should not flourish in Great Britain and in Ireland, unless it be that the damp character of the climate which prevails at certain seasons of the year is inimicable to their well being.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Notes.

—The copulation of the opossum has of late attracted the attention of naturalists, since the generative organs of the male present many apparent difficulties to the accomplishment of their functions. There is a curious bifurcation of the penis of the opossum which would seem to call for special provisions in the vagina of the female, and the orifice of the uterus. To give a satisfactory explanation to this inquiry is by no means an easy task, since this could probably be only accomplished by killing instantly the animal while in the act of copulation, and making on the spot a minute examination by laying open the vagina of the female with the dissecting knife. There is a remote relationship on account of this feature between the opossum and the raccoon, in which latter animal there is also a rudimentary bifurcation, by which it differs from other members of the *Plantigrades*, to which it belongs according to Cuvier's classification, while the opossum in turn is the sole representative on this continent of the low, intermediate type of the marsupials. The manner of bearing their young differs in these animals greatly from that of any other mammals, and makes them a sort of a connecting link between birds and quadrupeds. It was even supposed, not long ago, that some species like the *ornithorynchus* of Australia actually laid eggs, and Gould relates that the great French naturalist Geoffroy St. Hilaire felt quite disappointed when assured by him to the contrary. They do not lay any eggs, but bring forth their young in about as immature condition as that of a two-third hatched fowl, while this is still within the protective envelope of the shell of the egg. The membranous folds of the abdominal pouch of the female supplant the stony cover of the little chick, and mark thereby a higher step in the early nutrition of warm blooded animals, by imparting to their young a greater and more uniform amount of heat. It would be interesting to ascertain the exact amount of time which the new born young of the opossum requires to emerge from the maternal pouch and become a full-fledged air-breathing creature. It is well known that it is immediately after birth transferred to the pouch of the female, the nipples of which correspond to a supplemental umbilical cord. But whether, after due liberation from this transitory condition, it receives the same quantity of milk as other young mammal of like size, has not yet been satisfactorily examined. Some of the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD may possibly have made practical observations in that direction, which would form valuable contributions to the more accurate knowledge of this most interesting of North American mammals.

President Daly, of the American Geographical Society, devotes his last annual address before that body to the subject of African exploration, the history and importance of which he treats in a most masterly and comprehensive manner. It appears that outside of a few straggling colonies established along the coast by the Dutch, English and Portuguese, nothing whatever was known before the present century, concerning the great interior of the dark continent, which remained, therefore, up to the year of 1788, a perfect blank upon all maps. That year was marked by a great event, the establishment in London of the African Association. The object and method of that society was to fit out individual explorers with all of the needed apparatus and funds to enable them to penetrate those unknown regions from any point or points designated by their instructions. The first explorer, an American, John Ledyard, of Connecticut, came to an untimely end at the very beginning of his venture, and died of fever in Cairo, Egypt. The next two were hardly any more fortunate. Mr. Lucas, who followed Ledyard, was compelled for reasons not stated, to return to Tripoli, whence he had started, and his successor, Major Houghton, was plundered to the last fragment of his effects by the wandering tribes of the great desert, which he had attempted to cross. Undaunted by these misfortunes the society singled out Mungo Park, whose name has won, in connection with African exploration, imperishable immortality. It was this intrepid traveler who first saw the great river Niger, to the hydrography of which he devoted his life. Others animated by the same noble ambition soon followed, and no one continent may boast of having been instrumental to produce by its exploration such shining constellations as the names of a Livingstone, Cameron, Barth, Rohlf, Reade and Stanley. All of these efforts, however, brilliant as they appear in virtue of her display of individual heroism and devotion, have given after all to the world only stray glimpses of the principal features of the interior of Africa, concerning its climate, chief productions, both vegetable and animal, and the aspect and manners of its inhabitants. Great sacrifices of life and means have thus far been only accompanied by scanty additions to general knowledge, which were not followed by any substantial, practical results to either the inhabitants themselves or the outside world. New avenues to commerce could thereby not be opened, and, save some petty trade carried on along the coast with the natives, who came down still in boats loaded with ivory, palm nuts and gold dust,

no systematic interchange of mutual commodities took place. Over and above this, the inhuman barter in slaves, who were carried into Asia as well as across the wide Atlantic, tended to brutalize many tribes engaged in it, who availed themselves of the means of internecine wars to obtain the needed human supply for the traders, who have since established themselves along the eastern as well as the western shores of the continent. Thus it happened that while all the rest of the near-by human races made rapid strides toward a higher civilization the natives of Africa remained, and are now, to a large extent, immersed in the same barbarism which was the heirloom of their ancestors of thousands of years. The oldest and yet the least known continent whereon the human family may have possibly been first evolved from its brutal prototypes, is still, with exception of Australia, the home of the most backward types of the races of mankind. Matters concerning efforts toward a systematic scheme for a more thorough exploration and humanization of the interior tribes, remained in *status quo*, even in the earlier part of the present century, and beyond the labors of Baker toward the suppression of the slave trade on the upper Nile by means of a well-equipped expedition, under orders of the Khedive of Egypt, no practical efforts have been made to arrest the evil on the very spot where the traffic flourished. It is due to the king of the Belgians that a plan is now at last adopted, and partly in active operation, whereby not only the interior of Africa will be better known, but also its great present curse, the still existing traffic in human flesh may be arrested. At a congress held on the 12th of September, 1876, on part of all noted living African explorers, by special invitation of the king, a scheme has been adopted which promises the most substantial results. It is proposed to erect from both the east and west coast a chain of stations, which, by not being too far distant from each other, will be enabled to maintain a perfect and permanent intercommunication. These stations will serve as central points to all future explorers and civilizers, whether they be engaged in scientific, commercial, or missionary pursuits. In due time it is hoped that they may become united by being pushed toward each other from the east to the west, and an artery, pulsating with the throbs of humanity and practical intelligence, will traverse with its mission of peace, good will and dawning prosperity, those dark, far-off regions, which have been left since the dawn of creation to solve, unaided, the great problem of their possible civilization. An appeal to the representative geographical bodies of the nations of Europe and the United States has, with exception of England, been met with a hearty approval and practical support. Over \$80,000 are already on hand. An efficient corps of competent explorers has, by this time, started toward Natal, on the southeastern coast, where they propose to erect the first permanent station, from which the rest will extend by degrees across the continent, to meet the settlements along the western coast, or other similar stations which may be organized in the meantime. It is hardly necessary to add that the American Geographical Association are using their best efforts to promote the well being of this great humanitarian project.

The illumination of the Niagara Falls on the American shore by means of the electric light has now given to this far-famed scenery a doubly attractive aspect. Science by this appliance eclipses even the effects produced by art, and the fantastic display of color through suitable glasses surpasses the most gorgeous tints the painter may throw upon his canvas. The falls from the terrace of Prospect Park appear now on a dark night, under the rays of red electric light, like an immense swiftly moving flood of dark red, fiery lava, which as quickly changes by a turn of the hand of the man stationed at the revolving glass in front of the burner into one of bright quicksilver, or again, when alternating colors are placed before the dazzling electric flame, as a huge compact and moving rainbow. The foam and spray at the pit of the cascade, which the day-time visitor never tires to gaze upon, are no longer spray and mist under this nocturnal fairy transformation, but fiery clouds, amidst which the rays of the powerful light play with magical effect, somewhat resembling, though more intense, the wondrous phosphorescence of the ocean on a sultry storm-portending night. The many pleasing small fountains, which embellish the grounds of Prospect Park itself, throw, for once, in reality as it were, brilliant showers of silvery spray, when exposed to the dazzling glare of any of the near-by electric flames. The most enchanting pyrotechnic displays of the Chinese art are but little side-shows in comparison with this spectacle. At will the myriads of tiny drops may be turned either into showers of flashing rubies or sapphires, changing in a twinkling to golden sprays, almost too intense in their splendor, and painful to the eye through the intense contrast with the pitch black background, afforded by the dark mazes of the shrubbery and trees of the Park. So much for the effect of about only a dozen of these lights. Their weird look could be enhanced beyond calculation, if the entire vast scenery of the grand cataract could be lit up the whole distance from the American to the Canadian shore by means of a few additional batteries, placed upon rafts anchored near the foot of the Horseshoe Falls. Such an illumination would eclipse the magical wonders of all traditional Eastern fairy scenes. They would pale into insignificance before these brilliant hues called into life by the wand of modern science, and if such a display could be viewed on a dark night, from a bird's-eye view standpoint, the charmed gazer might readily conceive of their resemblance to those antediluvian gigantic outbreaks of fiery lava floods, the still imposing congealed ruins of which now confront the visitor to the cliffs of Stapfa or the Giant's Causeway.

At a convention of Swiss naturalists at St. Gallen, some interesting statements were made by Carl Vogt concerning the Archaeopteryx, an extinct reptile-like bird, which, as an intermediate link between birds and reptiles, has furnished much valuable confirmation to the Darwinian theory, and has become, therefore, of high scientific importance. There had been discovered some time ago a perfectly preserved specimen of this animal, which was purchased by the British Museum for the price of 1000 lbs. sterling. A second complete specimen has of late been found in the quarries of Solenhofen, of which Prof. Vogt now exhibited an accurate photographic likeness. The animal, which is of the size of a pigeon, appears in the cut in a prostrate condition; its head is that of a reptile, with well-preserved reptilian teeth, while it, as well as the neck, is naked. A collar of soft feathers surrounds the sternal region; the anterior extremities have digits, each of which ends in a feather; the posterior extremities above correspond with those of birds of prey. The tail, by its attached feathers, is also bird-like. The proprietor of this costly relic holds it at a price of 25,000 marks, or over 6,000 dollars.

A correspondent writes to the *Freie Presse*, of Vienna, that he has observed at the now drowned works of Dux the phenomenon of ebb and flood in their springs, which had been noticed several months ago to take place as well in artesian wells, and commented upon in the columns of the *Scientific American*. The coincidence of these phenomena on different continents seem to point to a universality of tidal action in subterranean waters, which may be of importance in case of thermal springs, since these would indicate that there is a powerful influence at work even at the great depths from which they originate.

Gen. Whipple has of late inspected the geysers of the Yellowstone, and gives some interesting accounts concerning their

phenomenal eruptions. The Old Faithful, as one of them is called, has a regular eruption each hour, and throws up a column of hot water to a height of 171 feet. The soldiers, who composed the escort of Gen. Whipple, were in the habit of amusing themselves by covering up the orifice with their hats, which were propelled up to the full height of the liquid column. Another geyser, called the Beehive, rises with great regularity every 26 hours, and attains to a height of 200 feet. The Giant, the eruptions of which exceed all the rest, is very irregular in its spasms, and the General had not the satisfaction of making a personal observation. A loud noise heralds all of their ebullitions, and this is followed by a cloud of steam. This affords a warning call to all who are inspecting the locality, to clear out. The water is too hot for bathing. Gen. Whipple accuses the members of the Hayden survey party of vandalism, by demolishing the siliceous incrustations near the geysers with their hammers for the purpose of obtaining a sufficient supply of specimens for mineralogical cabinets. Since these stony ridges are characterized by fanciful formations of great beauty, their destruction mars much the attractiveness of the scenery around these famous spots.

Miscellaneous.

Sketches of a Traveler.

V.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I suppose it is one of the privileges of a traveler not to tell the whys and wherefores of his journeyings. It does not need an explanation, therefore, why I came to write my last sketch from Georgia (the editor don't dare tell how long ago that was written!), and this one from the far northeast. After all it's not so far from Georgia here, even if, as happens to be true in the present case, one comes via Denver, Santa Fe and Chicago. But, rattler, cease this prologue and begin.

The overland journey to the maritime provinces of the Canadian Dominion begins at Bangor, Maine. You may take a steamer from Boston or one from Portland, three times a week, and I hear they are very fine boats, and show you interesting sights along the coast of Eastern Maine, at Grand Manan (dear to bird men) and up the Bay of Fundy, where there is a tide, "which, taken at the flood," measures sixty feet or more.

But, if you are going by land, as I was, you will find Bangor the frontier town. It is a fine place, and reminds me more of St. Paul, curiously enough, than any city I can think of just now. There is a river running past it, locally known as the Penobscot, and a stream comes down right through the center of the town, which passes under the name of Sanduskeag. Keag is a termination sprinkled all over this part of the map, and it means place or spot, as, for instance, "the place where the sturgeons lie" would be the Indian word for sturgeon prefixed to keag. Well, if you go across this river past the post office, in the morning, you will be convinced that the town rests on a trestle-work of logs, for the buildings all along the banks have as their foundation a pile of logs forty or fifty feet high. Down in the slimy narrow chasm a little black water trickles sluggishly over the mud, and you wonder why the town don't fill the whole thing up, or at least make a culvert and build over it. Then you wonder, listlessly, how all those schooners came to be down there in the mud, lying over on their beam-ends almost, with their mast-heads hardly up to the thresholds of the houses. And so you pass on and forget the whole affair. In the afternoon you return. What is this? The black water now fills the chasm almost full. It is rushing, and whirling, and noisy. The high framework of logs is hidden, the ships stand upright, and strain impatiently at their moorings. The tide has come in, and the Sanduskeag has waked up.

Bangor is like St. Paul in another respect; it is full of handsome women and pretty girls. They outnumber the gentlemen of the town four to one. Croquet, and skating, and picnics are one-sided affairs. They are all good girls, too; at least one of the best and prettiest of them told me so. But I need the spur again.

Started on the European and North American railway train, at 7:30 a. m., you appreciate the truth of the assertion that Bangor is the last place in the United States. There is Oldtown, to be sure, with a fine flavor of antiquity about it, a sort of sly, seductive air of mystery, as though it would say, "Now, if only you would stop, I could show you some prime curiosities, and could tell you some legends of old colonial days, of wars with Indians, wars with wolves, wars with Winter, that would be thrilling." Well! Oldtown, we believe you; but even for these mossy tales, even to see your island full of Indians, civilized by you into nondescripts of no interest, even to taste your famous pumpkin pies, we cannot halt now. Already we are across the roaring, log-fretted river, and are rushing eastward through the scattered woods.

At first there are hills away to the north and south of us, dotted with farms, but they disappear after a few miles. Then comes a patch of heavy forest, and then some lowland, where the water lies on the surface of the soaked soil, and the trees and bushes stand about in little islands, as it were. There is much pine and hemlock, less cedar and spruce. There are also various hard woods, or at least deciduous trees, but none of these are of large size. Indeed, all the timber is small, and now and then we fly past a tract that has been burned, or cross a swift stream along whose banks the ax has been busy, and we hear the buzz and drone of a steam saw-mill. It is a dull and level country, without any landscape, because, as a rule, you cannot see a hundred yards from the train through the constant brush. As we go farther eastward, we see that we are meeting the forest. The poplars are dappled with yellow and pale green, like the plumage of a young red-bird. The maples show their sickly branches by the vivid color in which the leaves of those alone shine out against the freshness of the more vigorous remainder. The mountain ash has put on all its coral jewelry, the briars trail crimson garlands among the limp and rusted ferns, and the young maples, red as though dipped in blood, show gaudily back to us from the clear surface of the trout-loving pool over which they lean.

Approaching the eastern edge of the state, we begin to get into the lake country, of which the center is the great sprawling Schoodic. These lakes are surrounded by low wooded shores and the underbrush sinks into the very water. The result is a sombre and deserted look, all the more melancholy, if, as happened to me, you look at them through a veil of mist and see their surfaces ruffled with rain and reflecting a leaden sky. But here is a paradise for naturalist and sportsman, in the season each would choose for his acquaintance with the birds and fishes. As for me, not a wing of any sort, big or little, did I see during the whole trip, until I got to Vanceboro and found an alar extremity of fricassee fowl, the *piece de resistance* of a very good and well discussed dinner.

The chief industry of this farmless region is lumbering. Every station has its mills; indeed, the mills come first, I fancy, and the station afterward. Logs clog every stream and lumber is piled high at every station. The air is filled with scent of fresh pine, and heaps of yellow saw dust form the greatest eminences

in the whole region. As we get into New Brunswick, however, we find the road running along the top of a ridge whence we can look out over a wide expanse and see a range of low mountains in the northeast. Everywhere it is solid, interminable forest, and there are only two tints in the whole landscape,—the dull damp green of the pine woods that overspreads the earth, and the wet gray of the clouds that mass themselves all across the sky. We tire of looking at it, and turn to our book.

But presently some farms begin to appear. For a hundred miles agriculture had been out of the question. The outcropping granite and the boulders lay shoulder to shoulder all over the surface, so that there was hardly pasturage. How the forest ever found soil enough to grow was a wonder, and the fact is that none of the trees were of even medium size as forest trees grow. It will never be possible to farm in that part of Maine, and when the woods are gone there will be nothing for the scattered inhabitants to do but to pull up stakes and go too, until a second growth calls them or their descendants back again to renewed chopping and sawing.

Here in the valley of the St. John river, which river was so broad that it looked like a lake, there were some fine farms and nice looking houses, and then before we knew it we were slowly winding our way through the dripping, mud-spattered, limp and bedraggled town of Carlton, were getting out at the ferry, and were looking through a foggy air for the high tides of this Bay of Fundy that we could hear booming away on our right against the black, weed-trailed boulders of the rock-ribbed coast. My experience on this occasion, however, was just that of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who writes so precisely what I would like to have written that I am going to quote it:

"I am sure the district schools would become what they are not now, if the geographers would make the other parts of the globe as attractive as the sonorous Bay of Fundy. The recitation about that is always an easy one; there is a lusty pleasure in the mere shouting out of the name, as if the speaking it were an innocent sort of swearing. From the Bay of Fundy the rivers run up hill half the time, and the tides are from forty to ninety feet high. For myself, I confess that, in my imagination, I used to see the tides of this bay go stalking into the land like gigantic waterspouts; or, when I was better instructed, I could see them advancing on the coast like a solid wall of masonry eighty feet high. 'Where,' we said, as we came easily, and neither up hill nor down hill, into the pleasant harbor of St. John—'where are the tides of our youth?' They were probably out, for when we came to the land we walked out upon the foot of a sloping platform that ran into the water by the side of the piles of the dock, which stood up naked and blackened high in the air."

You don't want me to describe St. John. Go and read the rest of the article from which I quote if you want to know all of its warlike ancient history. Said a thorough English lady who had just come over the water to my good friend Mrs. Matthew, in St. John:

"Tell me, what are the cities like in the United States?"

"Well," said Mrs. Matthew, "ours is about what all the rest of them appear to be."

That is the disappointment of it to a Yankee! What is the use of coming across a neutral ground of 200 miles of wilderness, of riding on a railway that has "European" painted on its panels; and of having your baggage examined by a customs officer, if at the end you are not to find something foreign and picturesque, something different from home?

Well, there is one thing foreign and quaint, and that is the brokenly truncate ruin of an old tower on the hill above Carlton, which seems to cover a dungeon deep, and may be made to conjure up all sorts of delightful imaginings. Here, again, Warner helps me: "This tower," he says, "was one of the first things that caught our eyes as we entered the harbor. It gave an antique picturesqueness to the landscape which it entirely wanted without this. Round stone towers are not so common in this world that we can afford to be indifferent to them. This is called a Martello tower, but I could not learn who built it. I could not understand the indifference, almost amounting to contempt, of the citizens of St. John in regard to this their only piece of curious antiquity. 'It is nothing but the ruins of an old fort,' they said; 'you can see it as well from here as by going there.' It was, however, the one thing at St. John I was determined to see. But we never got any nearer to it than the ferry-landing. Want of time and the *vis inertia* of the place were against us. And now, as I think of that tower and its perhaps mysterious origin, I have a longing for it that the possession of nothing else in the Provinces could satisfy."

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

COOKS, to their other accomplishments, should add that of being able to determine whether a bird or haunch of venison is simply "maturing" or passing prematurely into the condition of fermenting putrescence. The date of slaughter does not supply all the information required, especially in the case of venison. Some carcasses "turn off" in a revolting fashion in a few days, or even hours, instead of simply becoming tender, and still fit for food. The lower animals are probably subject to nearly as many diseases as affect the human frame, and it may very well happen that out of the deer and birds shot no inconsiderable proportion are suffering from disease. Any person who likes to take the trouble of putting a score of braces of birds, or a dozen joints of venison from several carcasses, to the test of smell at close quarters will acquire an edifying, if not altogether appetizing, notion of the perils that beset the *gourmand*, if not also the *gourmet*. A caution to cooks is never untimely at this season, and it will be especially prudent after a run of weather like that which we have been enduring. These functionaries probably enjoy a monopoly of the power to save us from perils of indigestion, or worse. The purveyors of game, who are the only other persons so situated as to be able to protect the public, cannot be expected to devote special attention to the discrimination between high and putrid. The distinction is far too delicate to be commercially important or even interesting.—*Lancet*.

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I have at present some of the most promising Irish red setter puppies I ever bred, out of my champion Maybe, dam of Loo I., Loo II., Sting II., Loo III., Loo V., Truth, Trump I. and II., Play, Colleen Rhue, York, Ruby—all well-known winners—and granddam of Berkeley, and by Mr. Hilliard's champion Count, by champion Palmerston, out of Mr. Cecil Morris' champion Bella. They are most promising, and as I will be shipping some to the States in October I recommend any gentleman wanting the promise of a winner, both on the bench and in the field, to at once order one of the above litter. For price and full pedigree apply to JENES FALKNER NUTTALL, Titicut, Newtown, Mount Kennedy, County Wicklow, Ireland. N. B.—Full pedigree together with price list and opinions of the press, sent free on application. 12-3-1f

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